The Revolution.

THE TRUE REPUBLIC.—MEN, THEIR RIGHTS AND NOTHING MORE; WOMEN, THEIR RIGHTS AND NOTHING LESS.

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The Revolution.

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Poetry.

THE NIGHT SONG.

OPEN to Me, my sister,
My dove, my undefiled!
Fair, solitary lily
Of all this thorny wild.
Oh, let Me see thy countenance,
Oh, let Me hear thy voice;
For pleasant are thy tone, thy glance.
They make my heart rejoice.

Open to Me, my sister!
Chill is the faint moonlight;
My head is filled with dew-damp.
My locks with drops of night.
Thou know'st not thy beloved's voice,
His knocking at thy door;
Strange on thine ear his pleadings fall
They melt thy heart no more.

Open to Me, my sister!
Look on Me now, and see
What I have braved in battle,
And all for love of thee.
The thorny crown my visage marred,
The sharp spear pierced my side;
The nails my hands and feet have scarred,
My wounds were deep and wide.

Open to Me, my sister!
I love, I linger yet;
While fast the moon is waning,
And stars begin to set.
When o'er yon hills to thee I sped,
My step was glad and fleet;
But sad and slow will be the tread
Of my retiring feet.

Open to Me, my sister!
Oh, wilt thou not invite
The world's outcast wayfarer
To tarry for a night?
The mountain foxes have their hole,
The sky-birds have their nest;
But, save in thy surrendered soul,
I have not where to rest.

COMING

So I am watching quietly
Every day
Whenever the sun shines brightly,
I rise and say:
"Surely it is the shining of His face!"
And look unto the gates of His high place
Beyond the sea;
For I know He is coming shortly
To summon me.
And when a shadow falls across the window
Of my room,
Where I am working my appointed task,
I lift my head to watch the door and ask
If He is come;
And the angel answers sweetly
In my home
"Only a few more shadows,
And He will come."

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1870, by Alice Cary, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

The Born Thrall.

BY ALICE CARY.

CHAPTER VI.

WESLEY SMITH.

THE light of hope shone in the eyes of Wesley—"Miss Dorcas," he said, "I forgot you told me, and I forgot you didn't tell me, I can't keep nothing'd in my head, only one thing'd mostly, and 'at's a-running there like a mill-wheel—a mill-wheel that doesn't grind out nothing'd after all its running'd."

Had the boy really *one* thing in his noddle! the master exclaimed—he was curious to know what it was.

The laugh was against Wesley, he hung his head—"The mill-wheel is a-going'd and a-going'd!" he said, "and there 'aint no use in its going'd 'at I can see, it don't bring'd nothing'd to light; and its what I often say to mother, for she's always a-trying'd to bring'd me to know, what the mill can't grind out; its all chaff, and everything'd together!"

And here a word of Wesley's mother. She was one of those unfortunate creatures, who flung early upon society, drift and drift, subject to the mercy of every chance, too poor to have friends—too pretty to be without them. Ignorant of the world,—of herself—of everything, and with no better guide than her girl's heart, she fell in love at fifteen; and with that marvelous generosity, which no man ever yet appreciated, which no man indeed could ever interpret by anything in himself, gave herself away, without having bargained for the security of a marriage certificate—gave herself—for she loved much, and so was lost.

When she came to herself, which she did at last, she saw that she was in disgrace—in disgrace with fortune—in disgrace with men—and sad to tell, in disgrace with women—and oh saddest and shamefulest of all—in disgrace with her lover—saw that she was come into that strait, out of which there was no way but one.

During the first years of her dishonored motherhood, she was kept from utter despair and starvation, by the bread and sympathy, stealthily conveyed to her, by one Lydia (wife of Israel Ripley), of whom mention has already been made, and of whom, more hereafter.

Long before the child was old enough to go to work, he was bound to a farmer of the neighborhood, who engaged to rear and educate him with his own children. How the promise had been kept, the hardened and strained hands, the hollow cheek, and miserable rags of the boy as he appeared that day in school, attested.

He knew nothing about his father, except that he was dead; perhaps to pacify him, his mother had sometime told him the story of his being drowned; for doubtless his questions often put her about, sadly.

Some how, he had come to know, for the truth makes itself felt in a variety of ways, that his birth had been attended by peculiar disadvantages—hence the frequent repetition of that half acquiescence, half lament—"I wasn't born reg'lar, and nothing'd good can happen to me!"

It was this sad conviction, as we have seen, that influenced him to say, "Nobody didn't tell me nothing'd, I done it all myself;" and it was this that steadied up his tottering legs, when he brought in the stick, and gave it into the hands of the master.

If there was anything in which all the neighborhood was agreed, it was this—Wesley Smith had no right to be Wesley Smith! had no right to ask for bread, but if he would persist in asking, they were quite justified in giving him a stone. And in this hard conclusion—strange to say, they felt that their own virtue was vindicated, and their morals generally strengthened and upheld. The children had sucked in the sentiment with their milk, it was quite in order that Wes. should be flogged—why not? Upon this occasion, however, he drew the attention, if not the sympathy, of the whole house, and one of the boys, remembering that the father had been drowned, said—"It was 'most a pity it hadn't been Wes.!"—while another exclaimed—"What does Wes. Smith want to come into our school for, anyhow! It aint no difference about the like o' him, you know."

Charley Gresham went so far as to say, when Wesley came back with the stick in his hand—"That for his part, he wisht he had run away while he was cutting it!"

But Dorcas was, perhaps, the only scholar who, as yet, really suffered; and she strove hard not to admit it to herself; now beating a tune with her fingers on the desk before her, now crumpling the frill of her apron, and counting the trees in the wood facing her window, with pretence of ascertaining whether there were more maples, or more walnuts.

All the while, she but trifled with her torment—she saw in reality only the bent shoulders of Wesley—the rod in the hand of the master—he was about to disgrace himself, and she could not prevent it!

When she told Sally Ripley he was nothing to her—she knew that she misrepresented herself but not the extent of the misrepresentation. She was beginning to know the truth now—beginning to feel that he had a place in her heart from which her judgment excluded him, and was therefore already at war with herself.

Now she would encourage her heart as against her judgment, and now her judgment as against her heart.

"What is he to me!" she would say to herself—"Of what worth are all the pretty nothings he has whispered! I will not think of them!" And even while she said it, she was turning them over in her mind, one by one; yesterday he had called her his will o' the wisp, and said he would follow her through the world. A pretty nothing, to be sure, but her heart lingered over it very fondly. The first day she came to school he had called her to say her lesson by the name of Rosamond, and when she had corrected him, he had persisted in calling her Rosamond, which to this day he still did, and somehow she had felt herself flattered by the new name. Sometimes, indeed, when no one heard, he had prefaced the name with *sweet*, or dear, and when she called this to mind, her heart turned upon her judgment and stood out for itself. So she began to make excuses for him. If this had not happened! and if that had not chanced! If Sally had not so foolishly provoked him! and if, and if, and if! why, then, he would not have fallen into this bad humor, and the unhappy accident would not have come to pass. In *short, she blamed everybody and everything* except the school-master.

And here let it be said for Dorcas, that of her own knowledge she could bring no criminal charge against him—to be sure, she had seen him only at his best, but no matter—and whatever of hearsay opposed her predilections, she placed to the account of envy, jealousy, or the gossip of fools, and, woman-like, tried to make herself believe that he was not guilty of anything really bad. In fact not worse than other men! Different from them, that was all. And yet, and yet, there was all the while a suppressed uneasiness, an anxiety in reference to him—a half responsibility that kept her on the alert, and smother it as she would, she could not help wishing that he were a better man.

Why else did her blood curdle in her veins, as she saw little Wesley crouching and trembling, and the eyes of the master dilating with almost a madman's fury. Ah, "she loved him with that love that was her doom," and it may as well be admitted, first as last.

"But how should an innocent young girl love this bad man?" cries the indignant reader. Just because she was innocent, perhaps. But of a truth, I do not know. I only know that such things be, and leave them among those mysteries of human nature, that no theory quite explains. Were I to attempt explanation, I would say something like this: Woman, by the necessity of her nature, must love something; if the best does not offer, she takes the next best, and so down, and down. Through the affluence of her love she idealizes, in the best of cases, and in the worst, to a degree that almost creates the object of her love. Through the first great necessity, *to love*, she does this, against all knowledge, and judgment, and intuition; for while she thus idealizes, none knows better than she, just what she is doing—hence the vague uneasiness in some cases—the sad unrest in some, and the rasping sense of vicarious responsibility in others.

The jealous vigilance with which she guards her idol is not unfrequently just in proportion to the commonness, or frailty of the clay of which it is composed.

Thus it was that when Sally thrust before the eyes of Dorcas a caricature *of the schoolmaster* which she had drawn on her slate, she had never, in the eyes of her friend, appeared so plain and coarse—for the moment, she thought Sally the ugliest creature alive.

"I didn't know you had so much imagination," she said, hardly glancing at the picture, and affecting not to see the likeness.

"O, Miss Ign'rence!" cried Sally, tossing her head, "I al'as heard love was blind, and now I know it!"

The little quarrel was brought to a sudden close—Wesley, crouching almost to the floor by this time, fell a-crying more lustily than ever, and seizing him by the shoulder the master demanded anew, what he was crying for.

"For things generally," said Wesley, afraid, perhaps, to be more definite, and looking so pitiful, that he must have melted anything but the heart of a stone.

"Don't you think"—says the master, seeking perhaps, to justify himself—"that the boy that tells a lie deserves to be whipt?"

"I didn't tell no lie, master!"

"Didn't tell a lie? I call all the school to witness what this wicked boy says!" Then to Wesley, "You either lied when you said Sally told you to throw away the stick, or you lied when you said she didn't—do you understand that?"

"No, master—I don't understand it, the understanding'd I had, and the way 'at its running'd in my head is at I didn't say Sally told me. I only looked towards Sally."

"You'r cunning, to be sure, but cunning won't save you—what did you look at Sally for?"

"I don't know, master, what I ever look at anybody for, for nobody can help me, for all my looking'd!"

"Nonsense! You can't clear yourself of a lie, whichever way you twist—one of my young ladies asserts that she told you to throw away the stick, and in the face of that, you say nobody told you!"

"For all that, master, I didn't lie right down, not meaning'd to lie; the thing'd I meant was better than the truth—'ats' the way it was running'd in my head."

"So you told a *good* lie! what did you tell the *good* lie for, pray? Can you inform us?"

All the school was laughing by this time, so that Wesley's voice was almost drowned as he answered:

"Yes, master, I can *mostly tell what* I think on to myself, and I thought it out 'at I'd say nobody did'nt tell me, so if there was any suffering'd, it might come onto me."

"How did you happen to think that, Mr. Bright?"

Laughter, convulsive, by this time, partly because Wesley had been called Mr. Bright.

Poor Wesley thought he was complimented—

"Ats the neardest to a reg'lar name," he said, "at ever I was know'd by in all my days"—and getting courage, he explained—"I thought it out to myself, 'cause *I'm* used to being'd knocked about, and it mostly don't seem so hard for me, not having'd knowed anything'd else!"

"Magnanimous!" sneered the master.

"I don't know the meaning'd o' that, master—is it anything'd that'll make me reg'lar?"

"Perhaps this will!" cried the master, and he gave him a sharp cut with the stick he held. Then he commanded him to take off his coat.

That beseeching look that we sometimes see in the eyes of some goaded dumb beast, came for a moment into the eyes of Wesley—then, without a word, *he took off his ragged* coat, folded it carefully, and laid it on the bench beside him.

Sally, forgetting her lameness, rose to her feet now.

"I can't sit here and see it," she said, "and I won't. Poor fatherless boy! If you must whip anybody, whip me! My shoulders ain't no better 'n his is!"

And sinking back to her seat, she began to cry with all her might.

The schoolmaster did not deign to notice her, but Dorcas did, and she could not make her seem so ugly as she did a little while past. She could not make her seem ugly at all, in fact.

"She's told it right," says Wesley, motioning with his hand towards Sally, "I only wished my father was living'd, and he'd take my part—O wouldn't he, though!"

A quick glance assured the master that the boy's allusion to his father had not been lost upon Dorcas—her eyes, steadily fixed upon him, seemed saying: Thou art the man! And his anger burned against poor Wesley with tenfold fury. He had, indeed, from the first, damaged his cause by every word he had spoken, but in the last instance worst of all—he saw the impending doom, and making an involuntary gesture with one uplifted arm, crouched closer and closer—quite down to the master's knee, and clasping it with hands already misshapen with blows and blackened with bruises, looked up in his face imploringly; but the madman seemed to feel himself only further insulted by that tender appeal. He shook him off, as one might shake off a serpent, and with uplifted stick, asked him, not very pertinently, if he was not ashamed of himself?

"Yes, master," he answered, "I mostly am ashamed of myself—I'm ashamed, in the beginning'd, of having'd been born at all, because it wasn't reg'lar, and then its mortifying'd to be among'd them that are reg'lar, and sometimes when things goes worse than common, I wish I was out of the world; so I'm mostly praying'd to be took, when I ain't at nothing'd else—to be took to my father—he wouldn't let nothing'd hurt me—he was all reg'lar, he was the reg'larest kind! O but I wish he was living'd, or I was dead!"

The angry red turned almost black in the face of the master, now no longer master of himself, and he began striking the boy, first on one cheek, then on the other, with such reckless fury as to cause a dreadful silence to fall upon all the house.

A moment, and the silence was followed by a murmur of disapprobation so decided, as to add still further to the master's rage, and as if to show that he was not to be thwarted, he ordered Wesley to take off his jacket!

By a wild look of terror he appealed from one to another, but when he saw that nobody could help him, took off the jacket, saying, as he placed it on the bench beside the coat, "Please, master, *lemm* easiest on my right side, cause one o' my ribs has been-broking'd there—ats all."

The sweat was standing in great drops along his forehead, but the master was unrelenting.

Down came the lithe goad—down, and down, and down—harder and harder—over neck and arms, and across bare legs and feet, till at last the child cried out—"The shoulders, master, please, and not the broken'd rib!" But the appeal produced no effect on the master, though half the school-children rose to their feet on hearing it. Only Dorcas Gresham turned her face to the wall, but that she was not less moved than the rest was evident from the way she sat clutching with both hands at the desk, as if she felt all that was solid slipping away from her. At last, when the cut and palpitating shoulder

had painted the thin cotton shirt—all that was between them and the splintered stick—with moist streaks of red, the flogging was remitted.

Some of the more thoughtful girls and boys learned that day that they were more nearly akin to Wesley Smith than they had ever supposed; that their flesh was, indeed, composed of pretty much the same material as his—but the majority, when the first emotion of involuntary sympathy had subsided, dismissed him from their thoughts, and slid back to the old standpoint from which, for a moment, they had been jerked.

One of the backsliders called out presently—"Wes. Smith is a-leanin' onto me with all his might." "He says he's dizzy, and I'm sure he can't help it,"—whispered a little girl, with tears broken and shining in her eyelashes.

"Attention to books!" cried the master—and the little girl began to study so hard, that every word through which she spelled her way might have been heard all over the house. Wesley tried hard to clear his vision with the back of his hand which was streaked with blue ridges, made an effort to support himself, and replied, "I didn't go for to do it, master Ludlow; I tried as hard as I could for to study myself up, and for to stay stidied, 'cause I know I hain't got no right for to lean on nothing'd."

He wabbled about as he stood—his mouth growing white and tremulous as he strove to hold away the stiffening, bloody shirt from the wounded shoulders, and the master, perhaps sorry or ashamed, or both, gave him leave to sit down and lean his head against the stove.

"You're a bad boy," he said, half apologetically, "and I perform a very disagreeable duty when I have to punish you."

"'At's what mother's always a-telling'd me!" replied Wesley, his cheeks lighting up each with a bright spot, like the master's own. "She's always telling'd 'at you don't do nothing'd but what's right, but I never say nothing'd about your lamming'd me, 'cause she would feel the lamming'd more than I do, and I never told her how often I'm wishing'd to be drownded, 'cause it would set her a-thinking'd of things 'at ain't no use—but I do wish it, for all."

"I also do wish"—the master began, but stopt suddenly—perhaps the "amen" stuck in his throat, for after a moment he went on—reconstructing the original and unspoken sentence, it may be—"I wish you would talk less, and less at random."

But neither threat nor admonition were of much use just then. Poor Wesley, whose intellect had been hurt in his cradle, as we shall see hereafter—became almost shatter-brained upon any unusual excitement, and while the fit was on, the thought of his unhappy condition was always uppermost, and he must needs talk—revolving blindly and confusedly about, and about the one fixed, central fact, and generally grazing the truth more or less closely.

He gladly availed himself of the privilege to lean against the stove, and as he sat there, moving his head uneasily from side to side, Dorcas Gresham offered him her pocket-handkerchief to place between it and the rough iron. He shook his head mournfully—"It ain't no use," he said, "for me to get used to things that ain't for me ever to have—there's only one pillar for me, and that won't come while I'm living'd."

He grew very pale directly, in spite of all his hard efforts, and Dorcas boldly asked the master, if he would allow her to take him in charge.

"Certainly, Miss Gresham, if you desire it," he said—and as she drew the boy within her arm, almost carrying him, he added—going close and whispering the words in her ear, "I am sure, my tender-hearted Rosamond, he could not be in gentler hands."

She did not heed his compliment, she was fully resolved just then, that she would never again heed a compliment of his, but gave her attention solely to the boy—sitting now, with half-closed eyes, and head dropping against her bosom. She gave him a cup of water—it was all she could give—whispered gentle and hopeful words in his ear, and taking his bruised and sunburnt hands in hers, chafed them tenderly and softly.

Sally, who sat by, seized one of the hands suddenly, and fell to scrutinizing every joint and nail with the liveliest interest, as if indeed some new thought had struck her. Wesley unclosed his eyes and looked at her—"I've noticed 'em many a time," he whispered,—"when I was saying'd my lessons, they'r just like little patterns of his'n, ain't they?" And he looked straight at the schoolmaster.

The master, who meantime had been uneasily observant, came up at this juncture and said in an undertone: "Are you studying hands instead of books, Miss Sally?"

"Yes, sir," she said, looking boldly in his face, "and I think I have got the lesson!"

He then asked Dorcas, who affected to be puzzling over her book, if he could be of any assistance.

"Not in the least," she replied, without looking up, and nothing more was said between them that afternoon.

It was doubtless felt by Mr. Ludlow to be a happy interposition, when Violet Varney announced the fact that Montraville Brown was a-sticken flies into his nose. This juvenile offender against himself had no sooner been brought to order than a general accusation was preferred against Charles Gresham—he had been observed by two or three witnesses to wink at Lucy Mason.

On being charged with the crime, he boldly pleaded guilty, and when sentence was pronounced, received his doom—which was to sit for half an hour on the "girls side"—without any appearance of discomfiture—on the contrary, it was with face aglow and eyes twinkling.

"Dorcas Gresham is all the time a-whispering to Wes.!" cried some tell-tale.

"I will attend to Miss Gresham after school hours," said the master, and he so pronounced the words as to carry one meaning to Dorcas, and quite another to the scholars generally.

"Goodness gracious!" whispered Sally, "if that monster cal'c'lates he's deceivin' anybody—he's mistaken, that's all! Don't stay, Dore—I wouldn't!"

"Of course not—not, at least, without the opportunity," replies Dorcas.

"Did y'ever!" cries Sally. "I wouldn't b'lieved it 'f I hadn't seen it with my own eyes! And with such a neat whag, too! Well, I'm sorry for you!"

Dorcas lifted her eyes to the face of Sally, but it had grown so terribly ugly that she could not look upon it, and so without a word she turned away, but in her heart she was resolved not to stay after school.

Never dragged the hours so slowly, as they dragged to poor Dorcas that afternoon. It seemed that the lessons never would end, and the books be shut and piled on the desks, the door locked, and little Wesley slipping out of sight, along the green, silent lane, that stretched away and away, till it was lost in the dim western woods.

But the golden color on the dusty floor, crept slowly to the wall-side, and then up out of the wall till it bent square over, and stood half on the wall-side and half on the flat ceiling; and the juvenile spelling class was summoned at last, and then little Wesley staggered to his feet, and tried to take his place at the foot of the class, but his limbs were sore, and he moved painfully and slowly.

"You are excused!" says the master.

"What for, Master Ludlow, not for not being'd reg'lar—it can't be 'at you mean'd such a thing'd! O no, I couldn't be excusing'd for that!"

The master put his hand on him, and backed him to his seat against the wall. Perhaps the red streaks in the shirt were not a pleasant sight to him.

And at last, the *big class* in spelling stood up; and at last, the last word was spelled, and the welcome words "School is dismissed," brought the accustomed thrill of delight.

The gold color was just over the master's head now, and no king beneath his canopy looked ever handsomer than he, as he stood there, straight, and tall, and fine—cheeks aglow—mouth compressed—strong, ready, resolute—in appearance, every inch a man, and what more can be said for a man than that? And the last scholars were leaving the house, and Dorcas had taken her bonnet from the wall, and with her book beneath her arm, was about following the rest, when lifting her eyes, to make to the master, what she intended should be the coldest of adieus, they encountered a look so reproachfully tender, so beseechingly sad, as to cause a moment's hesitation.

"Rosamond, this from you?"

That was all he said; there was no need that he should say more—that tender tone—those supplicant eyes, had dragged her heart back to him, and the next moment, the door had closed upon the hilarious "tag-getting" crew, and they were alone, and to them there was no world outside of that little dusty room.

Ah, what shall come of it? Time will tell us, by and by.

(To be continued.)

OUR FRIENDS THE REPORTERS

BY GRACE GREENWOOD

The women who sit in council and hold conventions and make speeches have certainly good cause to complain of the reporters, though perhaps, not more than popular lecturers or preachers. Reporters are "nothing if not critics." The best of them will sacrifice justice to piquancy—will quite ignore a great matter under discussion, the principle at stake, in their eager desire to make a point, or get off a bad joke. The most friendly of them will "keep the word of promise to the ear to break it to the hope."

We have no right to expect partizanship, or favor, but we have a right to demand perfect fairness—to demand that respectable journals should send to our meetings and conventions honest, clear-headed men, who, if they nothing extenuate, will set down nought in malice—who shall be decently courteous and competent—

neither mangle the letter, nor kill the spirit of the speech.

Such a thing as a report, pure and simple, is very rare. Most reporters, instead of going directly about their business and adhering to it, indulge in prosy preambles and fly off, here and there, into flippant comments and flimsy criticisms, as though their opinions and sentiments were of paramount and vital consequence. There is essential unfairness and untruth in giving the disjointed skeleton of a speech, or lecture, and omitting all acknowledgment of the effect produced by the effort in its entireness, clothed with glowing language, and throbbing with passion and soul.

Most signally, though I trust not consciously, did our friends the reporters fail to do justice to the advocates of Woman's Suffrage, on the occasion of the late hearing before the Judiciary Committee of the Senate and House! It was an occasion of great and peculiar interest—I cannot conceive of its having been otherwise considered, by even the most indifferent and sceptical. I do not believe it can be ever forgotten by any who witnessed it, however prejudiced some may have been against the movement—however honestly fearful of the result of the great, world-wide rebellion of womankind, which is disturbing and upheaving the old order of things—tugging away at the hoary foundations of ancient customs and social creeds.

I think I never heard Mrs. Stanton argue the cause to which her life is wedded, with such force, grace, wit, tact, and close, clinching logic. Worthy she seemed in her dignified, serene and reasonable womanhood, to open the argument and head the plea; and well was she seconded by her trusty lieutenant, her right-hand woman, Miss Anthony, whose little speech, clear, candid, earnest, and simple, went home to every mind, by the straightest and shortest way. No woman of them all, it seems to me, has been so unfairly and ungenerously dealt with, by our friends the reporters, as Miss Anthony. Her piquant humor, her ready wit and pleasant irony all

——— suffer a *type* change
Into something harsh and strange.

Her ardent, tireless zeal, her devotion and drive, her remarkable pioneer and executive qualities, are always more or less misunderstood and misinterpreted—are made narrow, proscriptive, fanatical and most unwomanly. She is, in fact, that rare and desirable creature, for such a work as hers—"a woman with no nonsense about her." From her you are sure to hear good, honest opinions, and a clear reason for every opinion. She deals more in sense, than sentiment—more in facts, than fancies. She gives us the plain, practical prose, as Olympia Brown represents the poetical, spiritual element of the reform. Her statements of disabilities and grievances would be a little hard and unattractive perhaps, but for the continual softening and illuminating play of her wit and humor. Her mighty pertinacity and endless iteration might weary and exasperate, but for the dignity of a great sincerity and the freshness of an ever-renewed enthusiasm.

Mrs. Hooker's little speech, or rather talk, was not, I fear, fully appreciated by our friends, the reporters. It was *something too refined*, not to say religious, for the atmosphere in which they live and move, and do their reporting. Mr. Sumner's Latin were as native to them, as was her language of exalted faith and sentiment. She offered the tender, touching plea of a thoughtful, devout woman, profoundly impressed with the *duty* of demanding the franchise as an inalienable right and a christian privilege. There was something singularly sweet and solemn about this appeal, that certainly did not, perhaps could not, find its way into the newspapers.

And Madame Anneke, what an appeal was hers! What a cry from the deepest heart of the deepest womanhood! She reminded me, as no *man has ever reminded me, of Kossuth. There* was the same sympathetic, majestic, thrilling quality of the voice. I think that many of her hearers that day, were more touched than they cared to confess—felt that here spoke a great, grave, profound nature—that under the crust of her quaint broken English, burned and surged the lava of the most impassioned and powerful eloquence.

The committee who accorded this hearing had, I think, the most honest desire to weigh well all the claims and facts brought before them. That they were greatly impressed, there can be no doubt—that they were all convinced, we have no right to say, no reason to hope. They did not commit themselves, as for or against a Sixteenth Amendment, or the preparatory and experimental enfranchisement of the women of the District of Columbia, nor was there any attempt, that I observed, during the frank, pleasant conversation which followed the formal arguments, to urge, or entrap them into a committal. The seed was sown, not harrowed in. Some, doubtless, fell "on stony places," but some, we may trust, "on good ground." Things were said that day, to those men of intellect and high position, which will make their way, somehow, into legislation, to reform or modify, for they cannot be easily forgotten, or disregarded. Truths, however unwelcome they may be, have a burr like faculty of fastening on, and adhering to, even a well-worn congressional conscience.

It is a great point gained, if our advocates can be brought face to face with men of sense, culture and influence—to reason about these things frankly, yet courteously, with no domination, or assumption, on either side. Men there are, even here in Washington, who can look on this proposed act of social reconstruction with no petty fears, or unworthy jealousies. It is only your small, narrow men who nurse the old, vulgar prejudice against "strong-minded females," and coddle their own puny, sickly idea of womanhood. The source of their antagonism is evident enough.

A devoted friend of Margaret Fuller tells of once striving with a nice young gentleman, to remove a pet prejudice of his, against that great essayist and wonderful, inspired talker. "Now, why don't you like her?" she asked; "is it because she is no longer young, nor pretty?" "O, no," was the frank reply. "I like many older, and some uglier women than she. I really don't know why I don't like her, unless *it is that she always make me feel like a d—d* fool."

As enemies or allies, young fools are the hardest of all creatures to manage. I would rather by all odds, have them oppose than advocate any good cause. They are worse than dead weights—they hug a reform so tight that they half strangle it. They are irrepressible, unsuppressible, and altogether intolerable.

When I get disturbed and disheartened by the ridicule and disfavor that such bring upon the great cause so near my heart, by their crudeness, their wretched assumption, their rashness and bad taste, friends who believe in the utmost freedom of the platform sometimes come down on me heavily with the scriptural assurance that "the foolish things of the world shall confound the wise and the weak things the mighty." If this be literally true, we are abundantly sure of success. Still, I would rather take for my text, "Be ye wise as serpents and harmless as doves."

I see no reason why a platform should be *more free* than the columns of a newspaper. I see no reason why it should be made the practicing ground of unformed oratory—the parade-ground of vanity and assumption—the stage on which eccentricity and incapacity may play fantastic tricks before high Congressmen.

If those who do the real work, on whom the penalty of failure, if failure there be, must fall, could carefully plan conventions so important as these at Washington, all beforehand—make out a regular programme, for the night sessions at least, and rigidly adhere to it—choose the best and wisest speakers, and rule out all others, except they be eminent converts, who desire to make public profession of the new faith that is in them—why then, I believe, our success would be incalculably greater every time, than it is now. But, as a certain pious Elder said in his prayer—"I would not presume to dictate, but only to offer a suggestion."

BOSTON BY A BOSTON WOMAN.

The following extract from the letter of a Boston woman, will show our readers what *one* intelligent woman thought of the treatment Mrs. Stanton received on her recent visit to that city:

"I have been much refreshed the past week by seeing both Mrs. Child and Mrs. Stanton. I called on the latter at the Tremont House yesterday, and found her perfectly delightful. I have never seen a more fascinating woman. If I were not afraid of intruding I would go to see her again to-day—I want to talk with her of so many things. How I envy her her brave, useful life! And let me tell you that my spirit is stirred to indignation by the very shabby reception that Boston has given her. I went to the Woman's Suffrage meeting purposely to *hear her speak*, and was amazed and mortified to find that she was not invited to, nor even publicly noticed at the meetings. Now, I agree with the Boston women in not liking in some important particulars, the manner in which Mrs. Stanton and Miss Anthony have conducted the Woman movement. But what then? For *that reason we might not feel called upon to go* out of our way to unite with them, but when they are *in* our way—when two such brave, steadfast, efficient workers—especially when so noble and highly cultivated and admirable a woman as Mrs. Stanton, who has thrown so many personal and social advantages into a *cause which, when she espoused it, was detested* and ridiculed, and in which we can work now without loss of credit—because she has conquered the obloquy attached to it, and made smooth paths for our dainty feet—when such a woman appears at a meeting called to promote that cause for which she has toiled early and late while some of us have been preserving our cherished dignity and self-righteous decorum in this atmosphere of classic conventionalism—shall we not welcome her as one to whom we are all indebted, and give a respectful and patient hearing to *her* views of duty and expe-

diency in the promotion of this, the great interest we all have at heart? By no means. We will sit by and 'make believe very large' that we *don't see her*. *As if any creature with the* free use of human faculties could help seeing Mrs Stanton, or *wanting* to see her!

"The fact is, that if one did not see that the cause of humanity, in all its aspects, were not, on the whole, steadily advancing (as the natural forces carry on the material world through all shocks and mischances, and dangers seen and unseen to a condition of increasing prosperity), one would be dismayed to find that the friends of such a cause could so misunderstand and misjudge one another as to make it impossible for them to meet harmoniously together, to the same end, however great their differences of opinion as to means and methods. At least one would think there was room for all to work in their own way, and that if there could not be co-operation, there might be mental recognition of right aims and motives, and a spiritual hospitality expressed by, at least, common courtesy toward strangers and guests.

"No doubt we are the best people in the world, here in Boston. As one of our own poets has said: 'What we don't know, ain't hardly worth the knowing.' And so also of believing and doing. Well, I own, I think myself, we *have* more sense than the generality of people—we *do* do things with a higher finish, with a more decorous grace here than elsewhere. Is not Emerson ours? and Lowell, and Holmes, and the rest? Have we not each and all of us a personal right and glory in Harvard College (Heaven speed the day when its venerable walls shall echo to womanly voices), and don't we have Symphony concerts, and haven't we the great organ, and the new popular preachers, and the *really great* (by all accounts—I have not heard him) preacher of the day, and the choicest intellectual parties, and the nicest Woman's Club, and the highest tone anywhere, I should like to know? Our danger (oh! my sister!) is the same that has attended the possession of pre-eminent advantages from early Indian days—nay, no doubt, from prehistoric ages down to this new and splendid era."

"MRS. STANTON TAKES THE FIELD."

THE Boston correspondence of the Springfield *Republican*, under the above heading, contains the following:

BOSTON, Monday, January 31.

The great event in feminine circles in this village for the past few days has been the sudden appearance and irresistible activity of Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, the New York Revolutionist. Since Coriolanus "fluttered your Volsces in Corioli," there has not been such an eagle in a dove-cot seen in these parts. She first appeared nearly a week ago, and excited the first alarm by appearing uninvited at the Radical Club on Wednesday, and on the same evening at the anti-slavery festival. It was on the same day that the scene at the Tremont house took place, of which the Sunday *World* makes mention. In a group of people, as the story goes, a niece of Wendell Phillips, seeing that he took no notice of Mrs. Stanton, said, more than once, "Mr. Phillips, this is Mrs. Stanton,"—and then as Mrs. Stanton came forward with her hand extended, Mr. Phillips put both hands behind him after the example of Dr. Johnson on a like occasion, drew back and refused to speak to the lady. She, nevertheless, on Thursday or Friday, went to Horticultural Hall to hear him speak. She was there again, yesterday, to hear Mr. Frothingham's lecture.

On Saturday she was invited to dine with Mr. *Bird's Club at George Young's and did go*—sitting at the patriarch Frank's right hand, and meeting the arguments of the Club for and against Woman's Suffrage with a ready wit and perfect good humor, which excited admiration. Like her cousin, Gerrit Smith, she is at home in all companies, and has a genial way that is very taking. Probably she is the first woman who has ever dined at that renowned table, and her admission is an omen of the turn that Massachusetts politics are taking. It is generally allowed that a candidate or the representative of a cause is on his way to success in Massachusetts when he appears at Mr. Bird's club—and it is true that half the regular members of it are converts to the cause of Woman Suffrage, one of the latest being Dr. Loring. Speaker Jewell still holds out, but is expected soon to give in his adhesion.

The occasion of Mrs. Stanton's visit here is to fulfill her engagements to lecture in New England. She finds Boston a convenient headquarters, and if she is aware how much commotion is caused by her presence she will be tempted to come again soon, I have no doubt. She spoke last night at the meeting of the working-women in Col. Greene's Hall, 815 Washington street, and seems to have made a good impression on the impatient and irascible women who complain so bitterly of Senator Sumner, Mrs. Howe and the Massachusetts poor laws. If she can keep on good terms with them or their aristocratic patron, Col. Greene, she will show herself a more remarkable woman than ever.

THE BARBARIAN IN MODERN ATHENS.

BY AMOS KEETER.

You shall not get "done up brown,"
When you go to Boston town.
As late I got a fearful rub
By venturing too near the "hub."
How should I fight? My foemen fine
Knew a million things to one of mine.
East, west, for aid I looked in vain,
East, west, north, south, is their domain.
I was several miles away from home;
Must take the care who there would come.
Up and skedaddle! cut and run!
The thing was easier said than done.
Their tones of wisdom struck me through,
I forgot the little I ever knew;
My wits seemed hemmed by a narrowing fence,
In short, I lost my common sense!

Well, drink the bitter, wholesome cup,
In vulgar parlance, "just dry up!"
You've got as much as you could hope,
When you went so far beyond your scope.
It's enough for you to have espied
The men of Boston, and then, died!

Softly—but this way fate was pointing,
'Twas coming fast to such anointing,
When piped a tiny voice hard by,
Gay and polite, a cheerful cry;
"*How-dee-you-dee*!" as if the note
Came from the nose, and not the throat.
As if he said, "Sir, though I see
You're new to such society,
Happy to meet you in these places,
Where daring brings but few new faces."

This man, who lived in that great town,
Moved by a pitying heart, looked down.
Drew near, and took my trembling hand,
Said things that I could understand,
Showed me how little was required
To make a man pass for inspired,
If he had been ordained by grace
To be born in a favored place;
This atom showed me, that to beat,
The thing most needed, is conceit.
I felt ashamed of my behavior
And greeted loud my little savior:
"Small chap! how can you feel at home,
Here, where it scares me so to come?
Though now, I'm feeling better, some.
What courage fills your little breast?
So frolic, stout, and self-possest?
Did you ever travel through the west?
Henceforth I'll use no line but thine,
Cambridge, and nasal take the shine.
Why doesn't every living man,
Get into Boston if he can,
And ape your dare-devil array?
How do you keep 'em outside, say?
For I affirm, all towns about,
Exist to draw your genius out.
I think no virtue goes with size
The reason other men can't rise
Is that their towns are overgrown,
And to succeed you must come down
To the Boston dimension!"

Conceit outdoes intelligence,
And I began to have some sense;
I knew my man, it raised my hopes—
Live here, if you would "know the ropes."
The thing we do, the creed we say,
Is, "glorify yourself, alway."
These men that seem so great to thee,
I live amongst them, don't you see!
Nor fear the worst that they can do;
Myself am Boston, through and through!

With glad remembrance of my debt,
I travel home. Farewell, my pet!
When here again this pilgrim comes,
He'll be content to take the crumbs.
Henceforth I prize thy feeblest chant
O'er all the loftiest muse can vaunt;
I have misheard your notes sometimes,
And thought them rather smallish rhymes.
I didn't know that, "*Chick-a-dee*"
And, "*Phe—be!*" was great poetry!
But now I think, old Cæsar heard
In northern Gaul, some Boston bird,
And everything the fellow knew
Was just an echo caught from you.
And therefore not to be behind,
I see I'll have to change my mind.
I who dreamed not when I came here
What a "big thing" you would appear;
Or, I had surely staid "to hum"—
Cry, *Veni vidi, victus sum!*

Anticipating the charge of plagiarism, the author frankly acknowledges, both for style and for some of his most valuable suggestions, his indebtedness to that peculiarly Emersonian poem, "The Titmouse."

WESTERN CORRESPONDENCE.

EXTRACT of a letter from Phoebe H. Cousens, dated St. Louis, January 28, 1870:

I have just read the reports of our convention in Washington in the N. Y. *Tribune* and Philadelphia *Press*. I regret that those distorted and inaccurate reports should emanate from *women*. Had they come from a man's pen, I could have borne them with patience; but for women to be just what the world says they will be, so swayed by party feeling and petty jealousy as to be incapable of being just or generous, in their public position, is to be deeply regretted. I trust that ere long, we may have noble, broad-cultured women in their places, who can grasp this grand movement, in all its length, breadth and bearing, and who will have sufficient respect and reverence for those noble, cultured women, whose hairs have grown gray in this contest, as to write respectfully of them. Think of a girl of Nellie Hutchinson's immature thought and idea, writing of Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Paulina Wright Davis, Martha Wright "They are a group of well-dressed, handsome women, and as such command our chivalric admiration." The beauty of the hour, the color of a ribbon, the texture of fine fabrics, which perish with the using, commands her admira-

tion. Not the noble purpose, the high resolve, the grand principle, the gifted and cultured mind, the wonderful genius, inspired eloquence, commands her admiration; but her soul bows before the array of purple and fine linen, and with a chivalrous deference she kneels at the shrine of the haberdasher's display. Our western papers are asking for fuller and fairer accounts of the convention, than have been given, and I shall endeavor to give them, in as clear and truthful a manner as possible, not only the convention, but the untairness of the reports.

MICHIGAN SUFFRAGE CONVENTION.

BATTLE CREEK, Mich., Jan. 22, 1870.

DEAR REVOLUTION: I just wish to say a word to you about our convention. It was a decided success every way. There was a large attendance of gentlemen and ladies from all parts of the state. Mrs. Livermore, Mrs. Dr. Cutter, and Mrs. M. M. Cole, from without the state, were among the speakers. A decided effort was made, as we talked at Marshall, to make it auxiliary to the Cleveland convention, wherein the most spirited controversy followed, *but it failed*. An Association *was formed*, and *not* auxiliary to any other Association, as you will see in the reports. * * * * *

Mrs. Cole had 100 copies of her *Woman's Advocate* distributed, and Mrs. Livermore had 100 copies of the *Woman's Journal* distributed, and Mrs. Barnard received the *three dozen* of your paper by mail, and they were distributed. Mr. J. S. Loveland was one of the speakers, and I got him to represent THE REVOLUTION to the people, when there were over 3,000 souls present, and he did it *admirably*, whereupon Mrs. B. distributed those you sent her—and took some five or six names as subscribers.

That letter from Mrs Gage, in the 1st No. of the 5th vol., suggests a new tact for presenting the claims of woman by the women themselves. It is the plan adopted by the Erie Association at Buffalo, N. Y., of forming associations in every county, and securing the best lecturers to that end.

It not only educates the people upon the subject of Female Suffrage, but it secures means to the Association to procure tracts, etc., to circulate through the whole district.

I think the ladies ought to be alive to organizing such Associations fast as possible for this purpose, and you ought to bring this plan before the next meeting of the National Association, with a view of having it universally adopted. This is certainly a great lever. Besides, it makes business for your lady speakers, as well as for gentlemen of influence whose souls are in the work.

Please excuse this. In haste, yours fraternally,

L. E. BARNARD.

MRS. STANTON.

WHAT A WOMAN WRITES OF HER.

HILLSDALE, Mich., Jan. 28th, 1870.

DEAR REVOLUTION: Are you aware what a sensation Mrs. Stanton is creating in the west as a lyceum lecturer?

You may, perhaps, have noticed the profuse encomiums of the press, but you cannot know how this great west has taken her into its affections, how in every town she visits, "Mrs. Stanton's lecture" is for days, and even weeks, the grand theme of conversation.

On the evening of January 5th, Mrs. Stanton lectured in this city. Her audience was large, intelligent and appreciative. In behalf of womankind she presented the great primary truths of human nature. Those who heard her will never forget her.

Hillsdale College, to which girls as well as boys are admitted, and which is one of the most popular institutions of learning in the west, is located in this city. Its faculty invited Mrs. Stanton to meet its 400 students at their chapel exercises on the morning following her lecture, and if the showing of all possible honor to a leading advocate of certain principles, is only one step removed from the adoption of the principles themselves, then Hillsdale College will soon lend to our cause its ability and influence. For half an hour Mrs. Stanton addressed the students, proclaiming the most radical doctrines of the new gospel of woman's emancipation. Then she was introduced to the Alumni and members of the senior class, individually, and finally shown through the college buildings.

Surely, the good time must be near at hand, when our best institutions of learning receive the advocates of Woman's Suffrage so graciously and hospitably.

REVOLUTION, be proud of your editor! America, be proud of your gifted daughter! but, above all, let the women of this nation rejoice that they have a Mrs. Stanton to plead their cause.

B. M. A.

A LAWYER'S OPINION.

A GENTLEMAN of good reputation at the New York bar sends the following to THE REVOLUTION:

EDITOR REVOLUTION: A member of the law school tells me that Prof. Dwight, in a late lecture to the students, stated that the legal question of the day was, *How* to bring about an honest administration of corporate affairs? I would suggest to the Professor that if the government will restore the moral element (female) of which society has been robbed, the necessary effect will be to elevate the moral tone of our executive officers. The relation between constituent and representative in this country is a fixed and definite quantity. The officer is not far removed from the average voter. Elevate the one, you raise the other; lower the one, and you depress the other.

Given a church, and you may assume the character of the trustees; or a town-meeting, and it is easy to tell the grade of the selectman. So, given male suffrage in New York, and the city government *ought* to be what the public believe that the "ring" is. The stream cannot rise higher than the fountain, and it is sheer nonsense to seek to learn how to obtain a moral representative from an immoral constituency. Our political machinery transmits force very well, but there is no such divine energy in its mechanism as to produce a change of quality. The act of the ruler is only the moral equivalent of the energy of the voter; that is all.

If the Professor will look after the fire *under* the boiler, instead of the reflector over the cow-catcher, he will be *more* likely to discover *why* the train is behind time.

J. E. B.

229 Broadway.

Miss Emma Jones, one of the alumnæ of Ohio Wesleyan Female College, has just received a California State Educational diploma—the first ever bestowed there on a new comer, and the only one given among fifty-two candidates—and has been chosen as one of the Faculty of the University of the Pacific.

DOMESTIC SERVICE FOR WOMEN.

THE Boston Workingwoman's Association is overhauling, at a fearful rate, some of the old notions about maids and mistresses; as witness the following report of remarks at a meeting one evening last week, copied from the Boston *American Workman*, a capital journal devoted to the interests of the working classes:

Mrs. Fletcher opposed the question and took the ground that domestic service was unwelcome, because house servants were treated so much as underlings, and subjected to so much abuse that self-respect could not be retained. When work in the kitchen was made as honorable as music teaching, and the domestic treated as respectfully as the music teacher, there would be no lack of girls who would go to service. The mistresses of the time should be able and willing to superintend the kitchen and other work, and to care aright for their own children. They were themselves to blame for having incompetent servants, because they did not know how to treat them.

Dr. Foster thought the need was educated labor. Domestic service does not degrade if well done. He thought the trouble was that there were very few who knew how to perform housework well—not one in a thousand.

Mrs. Bailey held that it was the mistresses that needed the education. If the ladies understood their business as well as the servant girls, there would be a fair understanding and no friction of any account. Some of the great philanthropists were the hardest masters and mistresses that could be found.

Mrs. Syme preferred to look at the matter from the standpoint of universal principle, self-assertion was the principle now seeking supremacy. How could one be her own mistress and still serve another? With the Universal Household the disagreeable parts would be rewarded as well and respected as much as the more welcome and agreeable things. To serve is to be a slave, and a woman is as much above a slave as slaves are superior to tallow candles.

Mrs. Daniels did not like to hear anything said about the nationality of servant girls; found Irish girls in her own family as worthy of kind treatment as if her own children. An old colored woman had complained to her that she had never found no mistress to love. Some Christian women she knew were harder than death, and colder than the grave. One had better starve than come under subjection to slavish rules.

Miss Jennie Collins began her address by an allusion to the eight hour law. The eight hour law, she said, is to the Labor Reform what the state militia is to the grand army of the union. Why, Boston, on the Labor Reform is asleep, while every village in the state is alive on this question. We don't have to advertise it there. It is known, and talked of without being published. In Washington, I put the Labor question to them. They are alive there. So anxious were they to hear me that they called a special meeting. We are accused of ignoring brains. What an idea! We despise men of genius! It is false. Massachusetts to-day is a whited sepulchre. It is full of dead men's bones and children's bones. Go through the factory towns to-day, and see the care-worn operatives. Then the fashionable churches. Ain't they an abomination to everybody? I tell those gentlemen who are so fond of amassing capital that we haven't begun our work yet. When we get under way let them look out. We are asked why those workingwomen don't go into the kitchen. That is a hard question to answer. If a girl goes into the kitchen she is answered at and called the Bridget; but if she goes behind the counter she is escorted by gentlemen to the theatre, dined and called a lady. It is not because the workingwoman do not recognise the dignity; not a bit of it. The reason girls don't live in private families is because they toss their independence there. They can't go out and buy a spool of thread until their appointed afternoon, or evening comes around for it. When mistresses learn to treat their girls as human beings, they can get enough of them. I don't want to be asked about this again.

CHEAP ENOUGH.—It costs $450 in New Hampshire to hang a man, and $250 to build a gallows, owing, it is said, to a whole some hatred among carpenters up there to do such devil's work. All honor to the carpenters. Leave the Hamans to build every gallows, and then hang, etc, etc.

GERRIT SMITH ON DIVORCE.

MR. SMITH has written a long letter to the New York *Independent* on the subject of divorce, the scripture view of which he treats as follows:

Jesus no more meant to have his limitations of divorce regarded as law for every age of the world, and to be enjoined by church and state, than he meant to have his other sublime inculcations accepted as rules of life, disobedience to which would be immoral and obedience to which should be compelled. But there is an especial justification for affirming that, if in these limitations he was laying down a rule at all, it was, nevertheless, not one for universal or even general application. His disciples, whose faith in marriage was instantly shaken—and, indeed, quite overthrown—by his new and astonishing doctrine on the subject of divorce, he at once relieved by informing them that it was a doctrine which none could receive "save they to whom it is given;" and that it was not a command to all, but a lesson for the few to receive who were "able to receive it." It is clearly, then, within bounds to affirm that not the state, nor church nor society has any more right to enforce what is understood to be the Christ-doctrine of divorce than the plain Christ-doctrine, "Give to every man that asketh of thee; and of him that taketh away thy goods ask them not again."

We may indulge the hope that the human family will yet rise to a plane where these sublime teachings of the Saviour, and such kindred ones as "Lend, hoping for nothing again," will be very widely practiced: and where wisdom, purity and patience will so abound as to make divorces and the desire for them very rare. But, though *it may hereafter be won to this high ground, it is unwise* to attempt to drag it up there now. Doubtless, for many, many generations to come, the state, the church, and society must tolerate, uphold and justify divorces, though granted on other grounds than that which so many hold to be the exclusive ground for divorce. They must admit habitual drunkenness, desertion, brutality, life-long imprisonment for crimes to be amongst these grounds. And in those cases where another marriage succeeds the divorce, all the rights of marriage must be conceded to it, I hardly need say that not state nor church nor society is to respect a divorce obtained on frivolous grounds, or for any less reason than a heavy grievance.

By the way, how ludicrously inconsistent are the tens of thousands who, in defiance of the whole Gospel, are willing that government should multiply, without limit, death and damnation-dealing dramshops, and protect slaveholders in making merchandise of men, and who are at the same time shocked at the thought of the government's being so anti-Gospel as to allow a broken-hearted woman to be divorced from the drunken husband who beats her and threatens and attempts to kill her!

Let me admit that, notwithstanding the argument I have been making, there is perhaps no argument called for on the subject of Christ's limitation of divorce. It may be true, nay it probably is, that his words on this subject were spoken *for* Jews only, as well as *to* Jews only. The Jewish husbands, whom he was addressing, had the authority of usage, if not of law also, to put away their wives whenever they would. Hence Jesus might well conclude that instead of allowing such husbands any liberty at all in this direction—any right at all of divorce—it were better that the door be shut. If left, however little, ajar, their unbridled lusts and never-resisted tyranny would throw it wide open. Would Jesus, *were he addressing an assembly in the State of New* York—a state in which the public sentiment accords and the laws secure as full protection to woman as to man in the marriage relation—would he in such entirely different circumstances, have felt called on to forbid divorce? Would he not rather have believed it to be his duty to aid in securing the rights of both husband and wife by asserting that in those cases where all reason demands it divorce should be allowed?

A SIGN.—The Central Union Baptist Association of Pennsylvania recently received a lady as one of their delegates, and passed the following resolution on the subject:

Whereas, Some surprise was expressed at the appointment of a sister delegate to this body;

Resolved, That we regard such appointment as proper, and we will welcome our sisters—"last at the cross and first at the sepulchre,"—to seats in our body

Foreign Correspondence.

LETTER XLIV.

LONDON, January, 1870.

WOMEN IN THE PRINTING TRADE.

Mr. C. W. Felt, an American, has lately begun an enterprise in this direction in Manchester. A public meeting was recently held there to witness an exhibition of type-setting performed by women. Mr. Felt, having trained some twenty-five young women to this work, now employs them regularly. It is proposed to form a limited liability company on the co-operative principle, in order to procure a more extended employment of women at this work, to which they are so well adapted. The usual opposition from men engaged in the trade must be encountered. It would be amusing, if it were not pitiful, to see the argument brought forward with this object. It runs thus: "Women can never compete with men; *therefore*, if women are introduced into the trade, men will be thrown out of employment." This most illogical conclusion meets us everywhere, from the professors of Edinburg University to the compositors of Manchester. But every day we see more and more hope of its receiving a practical refutation.

EDUCATIONAL ADVANCES.

In my present holiday visit to London, I have met several ladies who are attending some of the various classes now at work. I was glad to hear that the mathematical class promises well. Professor Huxley's lectures on Physics, at the South Kensington Museum, are very popular. London is so vast a place that there must be a great many centres. Here is an interesting account of one of them:

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON, LADIES' CLASSES.—Two classes for ladies are now being taught within the college. Already six of the professors have undertaken to give to classes of ladies courses of latin and geometry, English and French literature, chemistry, and physics during the present session. Five of them have just begun work; three at St. George's Hall and two in the college. Each course is of thirty-six lectures, and takes only so much of a subject as can be reasonably studied in that time. Thus the Professor of Experimental Physics gives to his class of ladies held within the college thirty-six lectures on dynamics and heat. There is no attempt to satisfy a fashionable appetite for just science enough to flavor conversation now and then by compressing three whole sciences into a single course and galloping through them at the rate of ten or twelve lectures to each, with relays of professors. Ladies are now learning chemistry at University College by actual practice in the laboratory, and at St. George's Hall they are steadily at work, saying declensions to the professor of Latin, and testing their knowledge by submitting notes, exercises, questions for revision or answer in each class whenever they find it worth their while to do so. Thus the experiment, originated by the ladies themselves, which was begun in the spring with two classes, is continued now with six, and may extend to twelve.

DEBATING SOCIETY FOR WOMEN.

In a former letter I mentioned the establishment of this society by Miss Emily Faithfull. The newspapers have already pronounced it a great success. Mrs. Horace St. John recently delivered to a large audience, chiefly composed of ladies, an address on the "Position of Women," in the rooms of the Victoria Debating Society. It was followed by an animated discussion on the subject.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM HISTORY AND ART.

Womankind in Western Europe, from the Earliest Times to the Seventeenth Century, by Thomas Wright, M. A.

This book is elegantly got up and profusely illustrated with wood cuts and colored plates. It is a modern Anglo-Saxon chronicle of woman.

The author advocates the pristine equality of the sexes. In proof of this he cites many facts from the history of our Keltic and Teutonic ancestors, and from Feudal times, showing the high estimation in which women were held in the olden time. His book is profoundly learned and displays much judgment and good taste, while the exquisite engravings and plates render it a most charming production. The writer's creed, as regards the development theory and equality of sexes, is as follows:

I believe that the mankind among which we live has no inherent qualities in the possession of which we were not first created, and that the greater or less outward display of them, and the form in which they have at different periods shown themselves, have depended entirely upon the circumstances under which man lived. Setting aside the mere question of reproduction, man and woman were created, I believe, equal—one intended to be the affectionate and cheering companion of the other, with some peculiarities, physical rather than mental, which tended to make the one dependent upon and attached to the other. It is in this sense only that we have any right to call womankind the weaker sex.

WORK IN THE WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE SOCIETIES.

The London National Society is organizing arrangements for lectures in different parts of the country. Professor Newman has offered to deliver some addresses in the western counties. Other lecturers will undertake different districts. Petitions to Parliament will be got up and signed at each of these meetings. The Manchester and Bristol societies are busy preparing for more extended petitioning than ever in support of Mr. Jacob Bright's bill for removing the disabilities of women for the Parliamentary Suffrage, which is to be introduced next session. Very truly yours,

REBECCA MOORE.

ENGLISH LITERATURE ON WOMAN'S RIGHTS IN 1869.—The year which has just closed has been remarkable for the great advance which questions concerning Woman's Rights have made in Great Britain and Ireland, and this, no doubt, is owing to the advocacy of some very able writers. Besides numerous short articles in leading magazines and newspapers by the Rev. Canon Kingsley and others, three important books, differing in style and character, but all decidedly advocating a change in the position of women, have appeared during the year 1869. First on the list, leading the way valiantly, came the striking and logical work of fiction, "Society in a Garrison Town," published in January—a novel which illustrates clearly and powerfully the condition of gentlewomen who have no fortune and no means of earning their bread independent of matrimony, giving in its pages, amid outbursts of wit and satire, as trenchant as those of Thackery, some startlingly true pictures of domestic life, drawn by an author who has been likened more than once to Shakspeare for truthfulness and impartiality of character painting. The next book on the Woman's Rights side was John Stuart Mill's able work on "The Subjection of Women," and lastly came a volume of essays, entitled "Woman's Work and Woman's Future." Of the three books mentioned, the novel of "Society in a Garrison Town" is perhaps the most remarkable, from the fact that no English author of any work of fiction has ever before ventured so courageously to illustrate the position of women in Great Britain.

The Revolution.

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A NEW PARTY.

Having tolled the bell and shed a parting tear over the downfall of the late Democratic party, the nation is now ready to follow the funeral cortege of its illustrious successor to its last home. With the adoption of the Fifteenth Amendment the Republican party finishes its work. If it could now, without any protracted death throes, be quietly gathered to its Fathers, and decently buried beside the old Whigs and Federalists of other days, the people could afford to build a granite monument to its memory, with the inscription thereon, "Died gloriously, after a long fought but victorious battle with the monster slavery."

It is a great mistake for parties to linger superfluous upon the stage after the curtain drops; it is well to die at the right time or to disappear behind the scenes.

Slavery is dead! and all the people have said, Amen! Now let us have no more special legislation for freedmen, but study the broader questions of national life that affect all citizens equally, black and white, men and women.

Let Mr. Sumner and Mr. Phillips now blossom out into the full grown statesmen they both so well describe, and instead of demanding forty acres of land for every black man, demand an inviolable homestead for all the sons and daughters under our flag. Plowed up as this nation has been by the war, public thought is forced to the consideration of many other grave problems beside that of personal freedom; or rather, we have learned that personal freedom even demands a complete readjustment of our whole political, religious and social system. When the Proclamation of Emancipation set 4,000,000 Africans free, Mr. Phillips said freedom was a mockery without the ballot. Now, he says the ballot is a mockery without land. To-morrow he will say land is useless without capital or credit enough to supply means to work it, and all this is true, not only of the black man, but of every other citizen. The prosperity of the individual, the family, the nation, North and South, all depends on the wise settlement of the questions of Suffrage, Capital and Labor, Finance, Taxes, Free Trade, and Land Monopoly.

All truths run in parallel lines, and are so closely allied that no one can be carried to success, without in a measure pushing forward all the rest. Reform in any one direction is futile. What we need to-day is statesmenship broad enough to comprehend and harmonize the whole round of human needs and duties. The party of the future to rise from the ashes of those now passing away, will have graver subjects for adjustment than National Bank Swindles and Whiskey Frauds.

While we all alike mourn over the multiplied wrongs and abuses that appal our wisest thinkers, let us study into the causes of these things, and learn to deal with principles rather than results. While establishing prohibitory laws, let us go deeper down and regulate those conditions that produce morbid appetites. While building prisons for thieves and murderers, let us legislate against all monopolies, excessive taxes, rates of interest, protracted labor, and all those measures that help to concentrate wealth in the hands of the few, thus making paupers and criminals of the many; and in a more equal distribution of wealth, education and happiness, let us end the selfish competition, the vices and crimes that mark our present type of civilization.

MATERNITY

One of the most common objections to the political rights of woman is her motherhood.

If all women became mothers, periodically, on the same day that elections occurred in the several states, there might be some force in the objection, but as these events might not transpire in one case in a hundred, on these particular days, and as more than one-half the women of a state never have children, and the remainder not more than four in their lives, and as it is not necessarily a *disabling qualification*, it is as absurd to say that for this reason all women shall be denied the suffrage, as it would be to deny all men the suffrage, because some are liable, periodically, to inflammatory rheumatism, delirium tremens, or financial failure.

Men generally bring this objection forward with a kind of triumphant air, as if they thought either that in itself it was unanswerable, or that delicacy would prevent a woman answering it.

We have too much reverence for man, as a superior intelligence, made but a little lower than the angels, to have the slightest misgiving in following his lead; in answering any scientific question that he may propound, for whatever a man may with propriety ask, a woman may answer.

We wish to say, once and forever, that motherhood is compatible with voting and holding office. When the relations of the sexes are regulated by the enlightened conscience and sound judgment of woman, and not by the morbid appetites of man, her whole life will not be devoted to one animal function, at the expense of all other enjoyments. When we apply the same laws of science to the propagation of the human family as to the lower animals, women will not marry before twenty five, nor have children but at intervals of four or five years, nor under any circumstances unless both parents are possessed of sound minds in sound bodies, without moral or physical weakness, or taint. A law has just been passed in Germany forbidding drunkards to marry. Here is a step in the right direction. But when woman is an independent, self-supporting being, and understands social science, she will end the vice and crime that man vainly tries to regulate to-day.

It is certainly no advantage either to the family or the state to multiply vice, poverty and ignorance, and unless mothers give the world sound children, the fewer the better.

As to holding office, the public life of most men begins about forty years of age, after which period most women might be relieved from all domestic cares, as at that time their children are grown up and married, or in school. Women could hold office just as well as they can travel in Europe, spend the winter in Washington, or the summer in Newport.

Again, if a woman is left a widow, with children, could she not discharge the duties of a mother much better as a postmistress at $1,500 a year, than at the wash-tub or sewing-machine at $1 a day? The question now is, cannot women support themselves and their children more easily and respectably with the ballot, the fat offices, the world of work, the trades and professions all open to them, than under all the disabilities that belong to disfranchised classes.

We never hear men say that washing, ironing, cooking, blacking their boots, splitting kindling wood, building fires, or any other menial service conflicts with maternity. Then, why should they always start up with alarm lest the honors and privileges of life should be detrimental to such relations? There is something very suspicious, to say the least, in all the tender anxiety men express on this point. We think its germ lies in selfishness rather than generosity, something like the solicitude the slaveholder felt lest the negro could not take care of himself in freedom.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE IN COLORADO.

Light no longer comes from the East. Wyoming, almost least among the territories of the west, has spoken with a voice on the question of woman's right to the ballot that goes "leaping like live thunder" among the crags of the Rocky Mountains. The Governor of Colorado recommends the same just and righteous measure, and the Legislature, both Council and House of Representatives, have it under earnest and certainly under most hopeful consideration. Reports have been presented in both Houses and ably considered, especially on the right side, and nothing is more clear and certain than that members, if sure of their constituency, would be ready to adopt Woman Suffrage at once as a part of the common law. And meanwhile the people, through the press and free speech, are making themselves heard, both women and men, in right earnest and encouraging manner. No better printed, or more ably conducted journals can be found west of the Mississippi, than in Colorado. And some that exchange with The Revolution contain articles on the grand theme, as well by women as men, that would do honor to the best newspapers in New York or New England.

In the legislature, too, as already intimated, the question has its full measure of the time and attention of both branches; just as slavery had in Congress during the last years of its existence, in spite of all the efforts of cowardice, conservatism and despotism to storm it down. In the upper House (the Council called there) a report has been presented which covers almost a page of the Colorado *Tribune*, every word of which is really worthy and should have a place in these pages, did not press of matter from every part of the civilized world on the same subject, urge an equal claim. One paragraph, on woman's fitness to hold office, as well as vote, must have voice here, as follows:

> What we insist upon is opportunity for women to choose for themselves whatever industrial pursuits they shall think themselves best fitted to perform. And to that end we insist that women shall be clothed with the ballot, to enforce their claims to enter upon any of the labors of life, for which they may deem themselves qualified equally well with men. Where the incompatibility of any labor or pursuit is a real and not an imaginary incompatibility, it may safely be left wholly to the

care of itself. We see no cause to shut out women from any of the civil offices necessary to be filled, however high and important they may be. We think that in places where integrity and high moral purpose are requisite, we may with great safety commit such trusts to women. The object in view in the creation of office, is the good of the state, not that of the incumbents. Although compensation is allowed for official services, it is not given as an avenue to money making, but as a means to enable the public service to be properly executed. We reiterate that women can execute the duties of all official positions, when properly educated, as well as men.

The House of Representatives has also its reports under advisement, from one of which, made by a special committee, the following is extracted:

Your wife owns the house in which you live and its contents, and the horse and carriage which you in common, use for your pleasures. Your colored servant who lights your fires and cares for those horses, but who does not own an article of property beyond his scanty wardrobe, votes at all your elections, and directs the taxes to be paid by your wife on this property, and how the money thus paid shall be expended, and that, too, it may be, without intelligence enough to know the difference between a democracy and a despotism, or to give you the least possible idea of what is meant by the word CONSTITUTION.

Is this right? Is this justice? But to this it is replied that there can be no general rule without its exceptions, and that no municipal regulation can be made that will not work injustice to some; the women generally do not wish to vote; that their delicacy revolts at the idea of contact with rough manhood in their struggles to reach the window; and last, but not least, that their gentler sensibilities will be blunted in these contests, and they degraded, rather than society elevated by their enfranchisement. This logic, we think, will not bear the touch-stone of criticism. Are women degraded by their constant contact with the sterner sex, in our churches, or schools, or vehicles of public travel, or our ball-rooms, if you please? Certainly not; but on the contrary, their presence invariably tends to the suppression of follies, indecencies, and even brutalities, which males, alas! are but too prone to indulge in. Can any Colorado man dare for one moment to doubt the blissful influence of woman? Look, for instance, at Denver ten years since, and compare it with the Denver of to day. Then the citizens were all males, and riot and bloodshed, drunkenness and debauchery, were the characteristics of society. Now, after the influx of its thousand refined and educated women, no New England city or village is more noted for the elegance of its society and the peace and quiet of its places of public resort and thoroughfares. Did not woman with her moral influence work this change? Can any one in his senses doubt? Woman was not degraded by her contact with rough, uncouth manhood here, but by her benign influences, she elevated the standard of morals, and brought these same men to her own higher level. Put into her hands the ballot and learn the fact early which must eventually come to your knowledge, that whatever is touched by woman, is dignified and ennobled by the contact. The disgraceful scenes which too frequently occur at your places of voting will cease, and soon the hustings will be as peaceful and quiet as your other places of public resort. Let woman vote and three of the cancers upon the body politic will speedily disappear. We mean the drinking saloon, the gambling house and the brothel. The standard of *political* morals will be elevated. The successful politician will no longer be the bar-room brawler or the worthless debauchee. Politicians will attain a higher level. Your laws may still be made and executed by men, but by men who will at least be too discreet, if not too honest, to offend the sensibilities of the fair constituents to whom they look for future success, by excesses which now too often characterize the lives of those high in office.

With a Governor to recommend Woman Suffrage to his legislature, with a legislature so well instructed upon it as these reports represent, with a people so awake to it as the Coloradoans appear to be, with a press able, on the one hand, to back them, and more than willing on the other, with the whole civilized world now agitated on the subject as never before, and with the example of Wyoming almost at its very door, why need the brave little territory hesitate a moment longer?

P. P.

THE NEW YORK OBSERVER.

OF LATE this ancient and honorable Hebdomadal has found its way to THE REVOLUTION Bureau, and has such welcome and reciprocation as we have to bestow.

And the *Observer* is not without eyes to see in a good many directions. It had an article, editorial, last week on the public and private morals, on the corruption in legislation, in chartered companies and corporations, and on the present tone of social life, that is worthy to be everywhere read, that is indeed everywhere absolutely needed, at least in this country. Referring to our elections, the *Observer* thus remarks:

There are multitudes, confident of our national security, who have never considered the fact that universal suffrage, on such a scale as we have adopted, is altogether unparalleled in the history of the world. Past republics furnish no precedent for us. Those of antiquity, compared with our scheme, were really guarded aristocracies. They would have scornfully applied the not unfamiliar term of ochlocracy (government of the mob) to our democracy. The sagacity of Aristotle would have led him to anticipate for us revolution and anarchy. We have gone to an extreme that would have appalled all the leading Republican theorists of ancient times, if not even such speculators as Vane, Locke and Sidney. We put the right of suffrage into hands where its possession is a mockery.

Just what THE REVOLUTION has held and inculcated from its beginning. And to oppose this threatening political cyclone, which has been impending, and is now sweeping across the continent from ocean to ocean, or at least to modify its influence, it is proposed to call the humanity and virtue of woman to the rescue. THE REVOLUTION believes that just what the government needs is just what woman has to bestow. And her moral influence will be tenfold greater than her political power. And the close of the *Observer's* article shows how fearfully that moral, healthful, purifying influence is needed at this very moment:

It may not be pleasant to look on the dark side of our national future, but it has a dark side, and one well calculated to abate our foolish pride and our rhetorical prophecies of "manifest destiny." We are really in the presence of appalling forces that threaten to mock all restraint. They are even now sporting with the forms, the machinery and the sanctities of public justice. They are in the confidence of license and impunity, out raging public opinion and contemning decency. No intelligent and thoughtful observer can fail to feel that there is something serious and solemn in the duty of an American citizen of this generation. As the years fly by, the duty becomes more urgent and weighty. We need christian sagacity to discern it rightly and clearly, and christian principle to discharge it fearlessly and well.

True, every word. But does not true "sagacity" point directly to woman as the one thing needful to arrest this tide of reckless misrule leading rapidly on to ruin? Not a new State or Territory in all the West, especially the remote West, but that has suffered at some time in its smaller measure precisely what the *Observer* so earnestly and so justly deplores. But the advent of woman was like the rising of the sun of righteousness. So would it be in the government of the whole nation in just so far as woman's influence was permitted to extend. What woman did in the new territories by moral energy alone, would have been mightily augmented could she have superadded the power of the ballot.

And what sort of "*christian principle*" does the *Observer* call that which holds woman in truly slavish subjection to such a government as it describes so justly and so well? Taxing her heavily for all she has, or can earn, or make in any way, to support its behests, however unrighteous and ungodly? Punishing her with fines, imprisonments, scourgings, in some states, and death in nearly all for violations of law in the making or executing of which she has neither vote nor voice? "Christian principle," indeed!

The talented editor of the *Observer*, it is said, thanks God that he has lived to see the abolition of American slavery, and the reunion of the Old and New Schools of the Presbyterian Church. May he still live to see, and greatly to rejoice in the full enfranchisement of woman, with all the millennial blessedness which such a triumph of justice and "christian principle" is sure to bring!

P. P.

THE PACIFIC COAST.

THE San Francisco *Pioneer* of the 22d January, has communications and news items relating to Woman's Suffrage from so many parts of that state as to make it certain that the cause is in safe hands on the Pacific Coast. Rev. Mr. Ames is lecturing in different places with eminent success. Mrs. Laura de Force Gordon is well appreciated and constant in her labors. The San Francisco Woman Suffrage Association holds regular meetings, which, from the report of the *Pioneer*, must be able, earnest, and interesting in their discussions and numerously attended; while the letters from various counties, such as San Diego, San Barbara and others prove how well and widely the good work is extending. One writer from Diego says:

The live Yankee, though sharp after dimes, is a useful institution to wake people up. In Old Town they have a good Public School, numbering nearly seventy children, under the charge of Mrs. Maria Gilvary. The California children are gentle, affectionate and quick to learn. In New Town they have also a Woman Suffrage Association, which meets weekly for the transaction of business. The President is Mrs. Dr. White. It ranks among it many intelligent ladies. They will send a delegate to the coming Convention. Any movement which has for its object the redemption of woman from the bonds of tyrannous custom, ought to be encouraged by every thinking individual. Is she not man's equal in intellect? superior in discernment and penetration of character? Has she not rights to guard, property to protect? Pledges to posperity in her offspring, whom her influence can make good or bad members of society? Does a woman try to rise by her unaided efforts above her station? Does she seek out the beaten track to earn a living? Is she not met with sneers and illiberality? It is only a woman! Her work is not worth as much! Pay her half what you will have to pay a man! True, physically she may not be man's superior, but of intellectual and moral power she may often possess more, and certainly endurance she has in excess of man. How rarely does suicide occur in a woman, caused by a loss of property; but how often do we not hear of coward man rushing uncalled for into the presence of his Maker, because pecuniary losses have befallen him, thus often leaving wife and offspring bereft of him who should have sustained them!

"No! 'tis woman alone, with heaven heart,
Can see every idol of life depart,
Can endure the more, and bloom
Man in his downcast wretchedness."

The enfranchisement of woman must come. It is only a question of time. Her "Battle-cry of Freedom" will soon ring throughout the land.

With a good deal more in the same tone.

Another writer in the same county and in the same *Pioneer* says:

I know if women dared express themselves freely upon the subject of Woman's Rights, our number would be legion—but where the matter of bread is brought into question with them, they fear to speak, or if they do, they must echo the sentiments of their lords and masters; but when the battle is won, and they are indeed free, I have that confidence in woman, that she will wisely use and not abuse the glorious boon—Liberty. Therefore I am willing (as I am free, to work for those

of my sex that are bound, for while there remains one enslaved, I am enslaved with her; and I would urge upon those of us that have dared to step out from the old heathen path of slavery, to work together with that unity of action that always insures success. Let us strike for freedom in every department of life, bearing in mind that it is not alone equal rights of the ballot-box, but equal rights in the domestic walks of life; for those of us that are wives and mothers, are entrusted with the culture of our offspring. Let us remember, then, that while it is the highest office that can be conferred upon woman, if we are debarred the equal rights with our husbands we are inculating principles of tyranny in the men of the present and the future, who will, by the very force of education, enslave our daughters. Let every mother reflect for one moment, and she will see what this system of slavery is doing for her daughter and mine. It not only gives man the right to her person but the right to dictate her reason, that God-given principle; she must think as he does, she must render herself accountable to him for all her actions, it matters not in whatever channel they may wish to flow. Perhaps she may see her sister bowed down in shame, the victim of her own brother or son (and not unfrequently her husband); would she dare extend the hand of sympathy, or cheer her with kind and loving words, or offer her a shelter from the ruin that he had heaped upon her? I answer—No! but she is compelled not only to treat him with all the honor of a brother, husband or son, but she must for the sake of peace hold her peace!

The *Pioneer* in the hands of Mrs. Stevens is most admirably conducted, but was misled by the New York *Sun* in announcing that Mrs. Stanton is about to leave the editorship of THE REVOLUTION. The *Sun* refused to publish a denial of the statement. All are not Suns that seem to shine.

P. P.

LITTLE SISTERS OF CHARITY.

BUT why called *little*, nobody knows. Their work is already great. They are a religious order of women founded in 1840 by a French Catholic priest named Lepailleur, in the south of France. They work under the direction of a Mother superior, have devoted themselves by holy vows to their work, wear a simple, distinctive dress, and they establish homes in new centres according to the directions from the mother superior, by whom also changes are made now and then in the *personnel* of the several communities. Why they should be called "Little Sisters," is not known, unless it is that the *diminutive* in all languages is expressive of endearment. During the 29 years of their existence as an order, they have established 130 homes; 12 are in Great Britain, 12 in Spain, 8 in America, 1 in Italy, 5 in Paris, and a large number in other parts of France. The members of the order number 1,500, most of whom are Bretons, although nearly all other European countries are represented; and they have under their care between 15,000 and 16,000 old people.

Like all such Sisterhoods, the work performed is honorary. No salaries reward them; indeed, nothing that men could give could recompense them for the self-denying devotion of their lives to the work they have undertaken, which work is to provide a comfortable home for the old age of men and women to whom such a thing is a priceless privilege. The first condition for admission is that the applicant must be sixty years of age; and, if the old people are giving up housekeeping to enter the home, they may be able to contribute from the proceeds of the sale of their furniture £2 or £3, which is appropriated to the cost of their bed and bedding. This latter, however, is not an indispensable condition, as many are admitted who can bring nothing to the common fund. Once received by the Little Sisters, they are fed and clothed, nursed if invalids (as many of them are), and kept, without the fear of becoming paupers all the rest of their days. Much work, however, is cheerfully performed by the inmates about the establishment, including shoe-making, tailoring, joinering; and much sewing, knitting and domestic work is done by the women.

Though the old men and women occupy separate wings, they visit one another when they please, and visitors from outside are always welcome. As the ages of the old people range from sixty to nearly ninety, many of them are very infirm. Some are blind; some sick. As the religion of the Sisters is that of the Roman Catholic Church, it is natural that a large proportion of their family should be of the same faith. But religion has nothing to do with admission to the Home. Its inmates include several Protestants, and the honorary surgeon is a Protestant, while the support of the Home is largely obtained from Protestant sources.

The institution is supported by voluntary gifts and contributions altogether. Some of the Sisters are constantly engaged in collecting. They go to hotels, dining-rooms and private houses, and collect broken victuals, meat, bread, tea-leaves, anything in short that the householders will give them, something that would spoil if the Sisters did not know how to use it. From these sources alone the Home is supported. Among the gifts the Sisters have received, are a cow, a donkey, a pony and a goat. The pony is driven in the van; and the donkey is useful for fetching home from breweries and elsewhere food for the pigs, which, with some fowls, complete the live stock of the establishment.

One of these Homes in Great Britain is in Manchester. And let readers mark the magnanimity of the British government. While the Sisters are wholly maintaining one hundred and twenty poor old creatures, at least three-fourths of whom would have to be supported by the ratepayers in the work-houses but for the Sisters' charity, they are taxed for the relief of the poor by the town, and are actually paying this year no less a sum than £27 15*s* 10*d*. Surely the beauty and glory of such a mission as these Sisters are fulfilling, are more than paralleled by the unutterable, insufferable meanness of such a government. But woman must work on and bless the world in spite of its scoffing, its scorn, its injustice and its cruelty; shining ever like the sun, as well on the jungle of wild beasts, loathsome reptiles, poisonous serpents and vegetation, as upon the hills teeming with flocks and the valleys waving with corn.

P. P.

MICHIGAN UNIVERSITY AND WOMAN.—The Michigan papers are exultant, many of them, at the opening of their University at last, to the daughters as well as the sons of that magnificent state. The Sturgis *Journal* is almost indignant that its doors have been closed so long, and well it may be, when Michigan could have so easily led the world in this sublime step in the grand march of the nations. Here is part of its manly indignation:

We are glad to be able to chronicle the fact, that at last the regents have passed a resolution to open the University to women on equal terms with the other sex. It is a burning shame that it has so long been closed against them, in opposition to all law, all gospel, and the urgent requests of the Legislature, and public opinion at large. We had hoped that Michigan, so progressive and forward in every good movement, would have taken the lead in this matter, and long ago have opened this institution to all the people, as he were bound to do. But the regents have hung c Universities of Europe, and several of the states have taken the lead.

Michigan has, however, done pretty well. Last winter Gov. Baldwin is said to have appointed a lady to an important state office, having before commissioned Mrs. Harriet A. Tenney, State Librarian of Michigan. Other promotions have been made since, and the spirit and power of the recent State Suffrage Convention at Battle Creek is guarantee that woman will soon be in possession of her rights there, equally with man.

MRS. STANTON IN MICHIGAN.—THE REVOLUTION has been somewhat modest in repeating the many high encomiums pronounced by the western journals on Mrs. Stanton and her lectures in that portion of the country. Here is one of probably hundreds that are constantly coming to hand in our exchanges. It is from the Genesee *Democrat*, published in Flint, Michigan:

Among the many lecturers who have visited the West during the present lecture season, Mrs. Stanton's entree has been productive of the most direct and positive good, especially to the women of Michigan. Her lecture at Ann Arbor, before the professors and students of the University, produced a decidedly favorable impression, *and was no doubt the "open sesame," to the doors of the University of Michigan to admit girls.* The mothers and daughters of the Peninsular State will ever be grateful to Mrs. Stanton for this earnest and effective effort in their behalf.

To our "Young Girls" we would say, manifest your gratitude not only by *competing* for the highest collegiate honors, but by one and all subscribing for THE REVOLUTION. It is the very best paper published in the interests of woman, and every family should have it.

THE WEAKER SEX.

IT is the writer's endeavor, in this article, to show, from conclusive evidence, that man is the weaker sex. This may be a new and startling idea to many, but however startling it may be, it is not new.

Any one who has had experience can testify to the truth of the assertion, that women show greater fortitude under affliction than men. Who ever heard of a woman giving herself up to drink on account of reverses in fortune? But how many men become confirmed drunkards from no better cause! One of the excuses for a man's drinking is, that he cannot resist temptation. Women have sometimes the same temptations, but, not being so weak, they can resist. We must either think men are the weaker, or else that they are so selfish and wicked, they care not how much trouble and anguish they occasion to their friends and families.

Ask any surgeon, who bear pain with the greater fortitude? and they will tell you, women. They dare to have cancers removed, and many other fearful operations performed without being made insensible by anæsthetics. While men, almost invariably, take chloroform, or something of the kind. I remember once noticing the wall in front of a dentist's chair broken away exposing the lathes to view, the place being comparatively new. I made bold to inquire the cause of this peculiar circumstance. "O that hole in the wall," said the dentist, "was made by men kicking when I have been extracting their teeth." Why are men's teeth so much harder to draw than women's? I questioned. "Not at all," said he, "only women bear pain better than men." And this is the testimony everywhere. When a man is sick, he fumes and fretts as nothing can be done to keep him quiet. "That is easily accounted for," said a gentleman

friend, "men are more active than women, and they can't stand confinement." That is not so. Many a hard-working woman, who is on her feet from morning till night, will bear sickness uncomplainingly, while her more idle lord will chafe and fret from the time he takes to his bed until he is out in the world again.

Women reason, and men do not; that is, a woman says to herself, "It will do no good for me to worry, and will only be an annoyance to all around me." But the man says, "If it don't do me any good, it's a relief not to shut it all up in myself." So he has it out, to the no small discomfort of his friends. When a man feels nervous, he chews tobacco as a stimulant. A woman, *instead of chewing, bravely fights* till she gains the victory over any such feeling, and ends by having a clearer brain and an unshaking hand. Sydney Smith asserts, as an indisputable fact, the equality of the minds of both sexes, which a great many at the present day are loath to admit. He says, "that there is a difference in the understandings of the men and women we every day meet with, everybody, we suppose, must perceive; but there is none, surely, which may not be accounted for by the difference of circumstances in which they have been placed, without referring to any conjectural differences of original conformation of the mind. As long as boys and girls run about in the dirt and trundle hoops together, they are both precisely alike. If you catch up one-half of these creatures, and train them to a particular set of actions and opinions, and the other half to a perfectly opposite set, of course their understandings will differ, as one or the other sort of occupations has called this or that talent into action." G.

Injustice has about reached its height in the woman's department of the Philadelphia mint. When men were employed in the gold room of that institution, they received $2.75 per day, and that, too, before the war, when prices were only half as high as now. But these same men, it was found, were not strictly honest, the gold dust would stick to their hands, and in this way the government suffered considerable loss, and altogether, men were thought a failure in this branch of industry. So it was finally concluded to try women, who proved themselves peculiarly adapted to the position, in both the requisites of capability and honesty. Altogether, the work was done more satisfactorily than it had been *during the men's term of office*. "Of course, they received more pay," remarks an innocent reader. No, friend, you are mistaken. Instead of receiving more pay for services, it was acknowledged they performed so much better than the men, the pay was reduced, the government giving them but $1.75 *per day*. And bear in mind this rate of pay continued during the war, when prices were so enormous; and still prevails. It may be argued that men required more pay, having families to support, but I know a number of cases in that institution where the women are mothers of families, *and the wages there received* their only means of subsistence. All this looks very like offering a reward to dishonesty, and putting integrity at a discount. Would this state of things continue if women's votes could hold men to justice? G.

The California Woman Suffrage Meeting.—Its proceedings, received just as we go to press, make nearly nine long columns of the San Francisco *Pioneer*.

TURKISH BATHS.

There is certainly one thing in which we of the Occident, may well take pattern of our sisters of the Orient, and that is their peculiar form of bathing. The Turkish Bath is yet to perform an important part in the regeneration of our people. Particularly to the women of our day will it prove a blessing. For there is nothing which will so enchance the beauty of the complexion as the general improvement of the health, and particularly the increased activity of the external skin, which comes from a regular use of its health-giving processes.

We lead so much of an artificial life, and are consequently so much in an abnormal condition, that it is not always one nor two trials will suffice to render true to each one all that has been said in its favor, but a *moderate perseverance* will reward every one, and none will be more thankful than those who have passed through what they may have imagined a fiery ordeal.

Were the Bath to become popular throughout the country the general standard of health would be vastly improved. Many infirmities would be mitigated and some would be hardly known. Therefore it may be regarded as a great *reformatory institution, worthy of the attention of* the best minds of the age.

There are but few institutions of the kind in this country as yet, but the demand will increase as the people become more acquainted with their many virtues. The oldest in New York, if not in America, is that on Brooklyn Heights under the conduct of Dr. Shepard. And none surely is or can be more worthy of patronage, as all who know the doctor will attest. The Laight street establishment comes next in the order of time and has grown into immense popularity, and achieved a grand success. *Dr. Angell will soon reopen his on Lex*ington avenue, which will probably be the most extensive in America, and second perhaps, in size, to none in Europe. The Russian Bath, in 4th street, under the Drs. Browning, with boarding-house attachment, is also almost a winter Saratoga of resort. And so wash and be clean, wash and be healed, wash and avoid disease, is really an evangel to all people who have ears to hear. Brooklyn and Dr. Shepard, so far, have the Turkish bath, all to themselves—the latter a Bethesda of healing, of cleansing and of prevention of disease. And so both *parties may be benefit and blessing to each other*. The one only regret in regard to these institutions is, that they are not yet so simplified and multiplied as to be within the reach and means of the whole human race. F. F.

Sixteenth Amendment.—The Kansas House of Representatives voted to submit to Congress a proposition that the legislatures of the state act on Mr. Julian's Sixteenth Amendment to the Federal constitution, extending to woman the right of Suffrage, but the measure was lost in the Senate by the casting vote of the Lieut.-Governor. That vote will be a sad blot on his future history.

But why should not every legislature in contemporary session with the present Congress also at least try to invoke that body, to the same purpose? Every Senate may not have so mean a presiding officer. Let the friends of the measure in every such legislature to whom this suggestion may come, consider themselves hereby *invited and entreated to do so at once*. And let all who read The Revolution make haste, in every suitable manner possible, to urge their legislators up to their duty in this matter.

THE MORAL ASPECT.

BY MATILDA JOSLYN GAGE.

To one who will look below the surface, much more is in the reforms of the day than at first appears. Around us is the cry of materialism. "The world is coming to nought." "Crime is on the increase." "Selfishness is the one impulse of action." "Deception everywhere prevails." But as much truth as the world apparently sees in these operations, the thinker looks below the surface froth to find for all things a spiritual origin.

Every outbreak of crime has a moral aspect. Every concerted move among men has a moral aspect. The nation learned that the war of rebellion was waged for an idea. Ideas rule the world, but that war, as grand as was its work in the destruction of slavery, exerted a moral power far beyond the condition of the negro slave, and indeed beyond any slavery of the body. The idea of property in the soul of any human being was then assailed; the idea of control over any one's conscience received a blow. Authority is the bane of the earth; between that and freedom of will is a war as desperate as the battle fought between the archangel Michael and the powers of darkness. Twenty years ago the woman movement seemed destined to drag its length for a century before fruition, but the rebellion hastened it on until now we day by day see its growth. Many at first saw in it but discontented matrons, and disappointed maids; now they see justice and needs. From the agitators they look beyond, to their claims. Nowhere has this been more apparent than at Washington this winter. The grand proportions of our reform have there loomed up in men's eyes, as a something which fills the whole horizon. Turn as men will, they cannot get beyond it; it has aspects, no longer looked upon as the cry of reckless discontent; it is found to be a question of morality—a question not only of bread and virtue—not only of culture and mental health—but a question of morality for both men and women, and of simple justice to one-half of the world. The body is the temple of the living soul, and undue restraint of the one bears on the welfare of the other. Though 'tis not for the body we chiefly work, yet reforms pass through a material, before the moral stage. When, from ridicule, men reach reason, then has a grand step been taken.

Congress in session, Washington is the heart of the country. To it pours the tributaries from all other parts of the body politic, and from it goes laws, beneficent or baleful, to the extremest shores. Our recent three days convention there not only had the most attentive audience from the fashionable and the political world alike, but a committee from its body had a most respectful and attentive hearing before a joint committee of both Houses, on the one subject of Suffrage for Woman.

It needs neither historian nor prophet to proclaim the present standing of this reform in the eyes of the nation. It has been lifted from distrust into a necessity, it has been found to be a question of that justice which underlies all law, and which existed prior to any government. Its claims are recognized as

moral needs for both woman and the nation. The skim of sensational reports with which the metropolitan journals delight to amuse their readers, has no more relation to its profound depths than had the birds to the lake, where, in Lalla Rooke, it is said,

> They dip their wings, and upward soar,
> And leave it tranquil as before.

The dress, and manners, and beauty, and bearing of its advocates, are but the froth on the surface, having no real relation to the question. Sensational journalism, and the just presentation of truths, are as wide apart as Heaven and Hades.

Slavery forced for itself a hearing at the cannon's mouth, and only when its grasp was on the nation's life did the world at large see it was not a question of dollars and cents thus presented before them, but one of justice and morality. But beyond even the question of black slavery lay even a deeper moral question in the subjection of woman; for this spreads over a wider surface, sinks deeper into national life, and upon it is built, not only the physical well-being of the whole race of man, but the intellectual progress of humanity, and the moral life of every individual being. For reasons before stated, we look upon Washington as the conscience of the nation. That has been touched, and now, from a sense of policy, or of justice, both of which bear weight on the political conscience, the Woman movement has been baptized anew as a moral question of the present time, whose hour has fully come, and whose grand import none may disregard. When Washington moves, we may rest sure it is because the country is enlightened as to needs, and from this standpoint we discern the real progress of the reform. Let the friends everywhere rejoice and take new faith, for we are now before the world a recognized moral power, and *the end is sure.*

JUST, THOUGH INDIGNANT PROTEST.—In view of the proposed act to license houses of prostitution in Chicago, Mrs. Harriet Carpenter and Mrs. Cynthia Leonard, two influential women of that city, have forwarded the following:

To the Mayor and Common Council of the City of Chicago, in Common Council Assembled:

Inasmuch as prostitution and houses of ill-fame are considered by men to be necessary to the safety and well-being of virtuous women; so much so, that houses of prostitution are licensed, and the propriety of the same has been discussed in our own city; and inasmuch as every woman of this class, buried or reformed, leaves a vacancy which the great demand requires to be filled with a fresh criminal; and inasmuch as that, as a self-supporting class of women, they are better paid for their crimes than they would ordinarily be at any honorable business; and inasmuch as women cannot successfully carry on this business among themselves, but must in all cases be supported and sustained by men; therefore, we, the women of Chicago, who are anxious to effect a reform, do humbly beg and pray this body of men to pass a law prohibiting the police officers of this city from making raids upon the houses of prostitution in Chicago; and that the fines and imprisonments for offences of it is kind be confined to the male patrons and visitors of these houses.

We also beg you, that when men and women are arrested together as criminals, the fine shall not be lighter on the male offender; but if not equal, the larger portion shall come on the man instead of the woman, as has been heretofore the case.

WOMEN AS COLLECTORS.—A Chicago correspondent says several business firms have secured good-looking females to collect their bills, and the thing seems to work well, for who, he asks, would refuse to pay a bill to a sweet, insinuating lady?

MISS ANTHONY'S RECEPTION.

THE ladies of the Woman's Bureau invite the readers of THE REVOLUTION to a Reception at the Woman's Bureau, 49 E. 23d street, on Tuesday evening, Feb. 15th, to celebrate the fiftieth birth-day of Miss Anthony. The friends who cannot be present may send their greetings to the Committee.

ELIZABETH B. PHELPS,
MRS. H. B. DARLING,
CHARLOTTE B. WILBOUR.

49 E. 23d street, New York

WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE CONVENTION.

THERE will be a Mass Convention of the friends of Woman's Suffrage held in Plum street Hall, at Vineland, N. J., commencing on Friday evening, February 18th, and continuing during Saturday and Saturday evening. A. J. and Mary F. Davis of Orange, N. J., Mrs. Mary Grew of Philadelphia, John Whitehead, Esq., of Newark, Hon. James H. Nixon, and J. M. Newlin, Esq., of Millville, will be present and address the meeting.

The object is the formation of a Cumberland County Society, auxiliary to the State organization, and the promotion of the cause generally. All friends of the cause are invited to attend.

(Signed) John Gage, Portis Gage, Rev. Oscar Clute, C. B. Campbell, Estelle Thomson, Susan P. Fowler, Sarah T. H. Pearson, Mrs. C. M. Paul, Dr. D. W. Allen.

GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

THOSE persons who gave money to pay for REVOLUTIONS to be sent to families where adverse pecuniary conditions rendered it necessary to discontinue, would feel well paid could they read the grateful and earnest words that come to us in acknowledgment of the favor. Such as the following:

How shall I express my thanks to the kind sister and yourself for this favor? Be assured, dear friend, it is appreciated; and may Heaven's blessings go with the giver, whom I have not the pleasure of knowing, and with you, Miss Anthony, whom I have met and heard. I rejoice that some of our sex are getting strong enough to walk alone, and that there are those men, too, who seem willing to help them. The waters have been troubled, and many men and women, too, are stepping in to be healed. Oh, glorious day for woman! If the southern slaves should rejoice at their emancipation, how much more the women, white as well as black! For their deliverance is also coming. I have myself had a sad experience in woman's sufferings. And many are the women who have related to me chapters similar, of their own. When Dr. D. came out so fiercely in his article against Foeticide some time ago, accusing women of destroying their young, but saying not a word about the men, who by unbridled and shameless lust, destroy both infant and mother frequently, I longed to give my testimony on the subject and expose the other side, for I am sure the men, after all, are the greatest sinners.

But pardon me, for I only intended to write you my thanks for THE REVOLUTION, and to assure you and your friend that it is indeed most sincerely and gratefully appreciated and shall be put to good account.

THE Trustees of the New York City Library Association have placed their shelves at the disposal of the *male* teachers in the public schools of the city. Is it that the lady teachers are considered beyond the need of the civilizing influence of books, or is the distinction merely wanton and selfish? Do the gentlemen trustees mean a compliment or an insult?

MISS ANTHONY AT VINELAND, N. J.

DEAR REVOLUTION: BY invitation, Miss Anthony spent Sunday, Feb. 6th, in this place, and spoke twice in the largest Hall in town. The audience was large, considering the fee at the door, and that a large number of Woman's Rights people feel under religious obligations to attend their own church services. The old veterans of the cause were out, and took part in the meeting. They were gratified once more to listen to one of the salient, most persistent and consistent champions of Woman's Rights.

Miss Anthony spoke of the duty of Congress to pass the Sixteenth Amendment. She preferred acting through Congress rather than the states. She gave a graphic account of the National Woman's Suffrage Convention at Washington, and of the appearance of Mrs. Stanton, Mrs. Hooker and others before the Congressional Committee. In the evening she spoke of the rights of women to *labor*, and to be paid for their labor. They worked now more than men, but got no money for their labor. She gave a pathetic statement of the numbers of helpless women in the country—helpless for want of a paying employment.

At the close of the meeting the following resolution was passed unanimously:

Resolved, That we ask Congress, during the present session, to submit to the legislatures of the several states an amendment to the constitution securing the right of suffrage to Women.

Judging from the crowd gathering around Miss Anthony after meeting, and handling their "greenbacks," I infer that quite a number of subscribers to THE REVOLUTION were obtained. Miss Anthony will always be welcome in Vineland. C. B. C.

Vineland, N. J., Feb. 7, 1870.

MUTUAL BANKING.—Mr. E. H. Heywood of Worcester, Mass., has forwarded to us two or three copies of a pamphlet of fifty octavo pages, entitled "Mutual Banking: showing the radical deficiency of the present circulating medium, and the advantage of a free currency, by William B. Greene." The work is published by the New England Labor Reform League, and can be had in any quantity of the N. E. News Co., in Boston, or the American News Company, Nassau street, New York. And as an epitome of sound sense and knowledge on the general questions of banking and currency, it is unsurpassed, and should be in the hands of everybody, especially of every workingman and woman. And there should be none but *working* men and women, and will not be in that good time coming, to which this little treatise points. Price is not given, the greatest mistake of the book.

NEW YORK CITY AND COUNTY SUFFRAGE MEETING.—The regular meeting of the New York City and County Woman Suffrage Association, held at Union Hall, Feb. 5, was well attended, some sixty persons being present. The question for discussion was, "Are American Women deteriorating?" The debate was maintained by Mrs. Ballock, Mr. Poole, Mrs. Blake and others. There were many new faces among the audience, and much interest was manifested, several persons joining the Association.

It is to be regretted that papers so respectable as the *Times* and *Tribune* should both descend to the smallness of a malicious travesty of the whole of these proceedings. Misrepresentation is a poor weapon against a noble cause. P.

MASSACHUSETTS WOMAN SUFFRAGE ASSOCIATION.—At the recent meeting in Boston, a strong state organization was formed with the following board of officers, omitting the Vice-Presidents, a long list, headed by William Lloyd Garrison:

President.—Julia Ward Howe.
Corresponding Secretary.—Nina Moore, Hyde Park.
Recording Secretary.—Charles K. Whipple, Boston.
Treasurer.—E. D. Draper, Hopedale.
Executive Committee.—Rev. Rowland Connor, Boston; Caroline M. Severance, West Newton; Rev. W. H. H. Murray, Boston; Mary E. Sargent, Boston; Gordon M. Fiske, Palmer; Sarah A. Vibbert, Rockport; Rev. Gilbert Haven, Boston; Caroline Remond Putnam, Salem; Frank B. Sanborn, Springfield; Mercy B. Jackson, M.D., Boston; Samuel May, Jr., Leicester; Margaret W. Campbell, Springfield; Rev. C. M. Wines, Brookline; Mary A. Livermore, Boston; Wm. S. Robinson, Boston; Henry B. Blackwell, Boston; Lucy Stone, Boston; S. S. Foster, Worcester; Mrs. Wilcox, Worcester; Ada C. Bowles, Cambridge.

INVITATIONS TO INSULT.—Who can wonder at the rowdyism of the young men of Bellevue Hospital towards women medical students, or the brutal ruffianism of the "bulls and bears" of Wall Street towards women brokers, when women reporters for newspapers seem to glory in caricaturing, in every variety of way, the meetings of honest, earnest women to ameliorate and elevate the condition of women through civil and political enfranchisement? Cannot such reporters, whether in New York, Philadelphia, or Washington, see, that by all the laws of the human mind, the men who use them for such base prostitution, must at heart despise them more than any other women in the world?

THE *Tribune* says the Wyoming Legislature, that gave women the right of suffrage, "is almost unanimously Democratic," and yet it taunts the women with inconsistency, and nobody knows what else, for extending to Democrats the commonest courtesy, even though owing to them the right of suffrage, so far as yet obtained. The *Tribune* should remember the little story of President Lincoln and Gen. Hooker. When, after that General's most brilliant achievements, it was told the President that he was a drunkard, he responded, "Is that so? Then I wish all our Generals would by their wine at the same place."

A POOR orphan girl, 18 years old, at Council Bluffs, became tired of her hard lot, and seeing and envying the gaudily-dressed courtezans flaunting along the streets, deliberately and alone sought out a low house of ill fame, and entered it.

The above is from the Chicago *Times*, and is the key to half the prostitution in our large cities, if not more. Proscribe "gaudily-dressed courtezans," and compel them into the adoption of a garb which will stamp their course with odium and disgrace, and the firesides of many of the poorer classes will be spared from the horrible sorrow impending over them, as indicated in the above paragraph.

MORE MEDICAL STUDENT BRUTALITIES.—The New York medical students have lately proved themselves as capable of insulting the persons and outraging the rights of their fellow-students of the opposite sex as those of Philadelphia. Bellevue hospital presented a spectacle on Saturday last, worthy a wigwam of drunken Indians. Can't New York afford to leave to Philadelphia a monopoly of the habit of insulting women in these and other rude ways, and practice a better breeding, were it only for sake of example?

TEMPERANCE LECTURER.—The New Canaan (Ct.) *Era* says Miss Mary N. Graves, a Theological pupil, now studying with Rev. Olympia Brown of Bridgeport, lectured last week in that town on Temperance, and was listened to with marked attention by the large audience assembled; and adds, "we understand it was the fair lecturer's first attempt, and judging from it we should say that she possesses advantages, natural and acquired, which promise distinguished success on the lecture platform or in the pulpit."

JENNIE COLLINS IN WASHINGTON.—A correspondent at the Capital writes that Jennie Collins made a decided success at Union League Hall, holding the audience for two full hours. She received a vote of thanks, and a purse, and the offer of a free passage to California and back. Which offer, it is understood, she accepted. The correspondent thinks, and so must all who know Jennie Collins as she is, that she should be kept constantly in the lecturing field. Her influence among the working people is very powerful, and very healthful.

NEW ENGLAND LABOR REFORM LEAGUE.—It held a large and efficient Convention in Boston, on Sunday and Monday, the 23d and 24th of January. The President of the League, Mr. E. H. Heywood, in the chair. Resolutions were considered and adopted, showing that the working men and women are at least waking to their condition under present political and financial arrangement and policy, and are determined by some means to work a radical revolution. *The principal resolutions are on file for next week.*

PENN YAN.—Its *Chronicle*, generally about right in everything, is certainly right in its estimate of the popularity of Olive Logan and George Francis Train. No two have drawn such houses, and probably no others have lectured so many evenings during the season. The "Great Expectations" concerning them in Penn Yan will doubtless be fully realized.

THE NEW ERA.—Such is the name of a new paper in Washington, inaugurated in the interests of the people of color and conducted by two of their noblest and best representatives, Sella Martin and Frederick Douglass, the latter to be editor by correspondence. The first number certainly presents a most promising appearance, and no better assurance need be given that in point of ability and fidelity it will deserve abundant success, than the names of its two editors. Address, Publishers New Era, Lock Box, 31.

IN JAVA, after the bride and groom are at the altar, the law requires her to wash his feet before the ceremony can go on. In some Christian society the washing, or its equivalent, has to be continued through life.

GOOD WOMANLY ENTERPRISE.—The women of Cold Water, Michigan, have formed themselves into a Woman's Library Association. A good way to keep out of *hot* water. Thousands and thousands of women should go and do likewise.

JOHN W. HUTCHINSON sings in Vermont as follows: Middlebury, Feb. 9; Brandon, Feb. 10; and Rutland, Feb. 11. We hope the friends of Reform will give the Family, as they deserve, crowded houses.

WHOLESOME RESCUE.—In 1693 the ladies were addicted to wearing false hair, but not, in the shape of chignons. A sensible poet sought to convert them from the foolishness of their ways by addressing them in the following vigorous stanza:

> Art thou a Christian, O then why dost wear
> Upon thy sacred head the filty hair
> Of some vile wretch, by foul disease that fell,
> Whose soul perhaps is burning now in hell?

WYOMING—They have a *Tribune* out there that is a *Tribune*. It is *Daily* and almost daily contains some of the best written articles in favor of Woman Suffrage that come to the Bureau.

MRS. HOLLOWAY will repeat her lecture on Charlotte Bronte, for the benefit of the Cuban cause, in Cooper Institute, on Friday evening, Feb. 11, at 8 o'clock. Tickets 50 cents.

OHIO.—It is holding a State Woman Suffrage Convention this week, in Columbus, with a powerful card of speakers, and undoubtedly an overwhelming attendance.

MEETINGS.—A County Woman Suffrage Convention is to be held at New Haven, Ct., on Thursday, Feb. 24th.

"UP BROADWAY AND ITS SEQUEL," by Eleanor Kirk, just issued by Carleton, is now for sale at the office of THE REVOLUTION. Come and get it all you who want the truth, the whole truth—and nothing but the truth. It is fearlessly outspoken, and depicts life in New York with terrible force.

OMISSION.—The Poetry in last week's REVOLUTION, entitled "Hope," should have been credited to Miss Nelhe Mackay Hutchinson.

FACTS FOR THE LADIES.—My Wheeler & Wilson's Sewing machine (No. 3277) has done the sewing of my family, and a good deal for neighbours, for *fourteen years and three months* without any repairs. One needle served to do all the sewing for more than four years.

Syracuse, N. Y. W. A. HAWLEY.

WHAT NEXT?—Wonders will never cease! How would the hero of Cooper's Leather-stocking stories, to whom the wild glades and forests now traversed by the Erie road were as familiar as household scenes, have smiled incredulous, to have been told that before the gnarled oaks surrounding him had become withered with age their leafy shadows would fall upon the whizzing trains upon which the dweller in Manhattan embarking after breakfast, might be conveyed to Fort Ontario in season to catch the last drum-taps of the garrison, and, continuing on along the Erie shore, be safely landed, by four o'clock on the following day, on the western shore of Lake Michigan, where now stands the queenly City of Chicago? Incredulous though he might have been, all this has nevertheless come to pass. The Erie Railway company announce, that they will *reduce the running time to Chicago seven hours* by means of the thirty hour train, to be known as the "Great Pacific Express!" The westward traveller, taking his seat at ten o'clock on any given morning in one of the superb Drawing Room Coaches of the Erie line, at Jersey City, may thus enjoy a ride rendered comfortable by all the accessories of Epicurus and Somnus.

and alight in Chicago at four the next afternoon, not wearied and hungry with travel, but fresh as if awaking from a quiet snooze after dinner.

People may vainly attempt to decry the Erie management so long as it affords such tangible evidence as this of its ability and readiness to keep pace with the demands of the age.

MARRIAGE—ITS SACREDNESS AND SECURITY.

BY ESTHER H. HAWKS, M.D., OF FLORIDA.

We cannot yet expect society at large to accord to wives the rights which husbands will feel bound to respect, but society is only a corporation of individuals and it is gratifying to see that among its members there are a few bold enough to advance the idea that a woman's life and happiness may be as dear to her as her marriage vows; and that when a man ceases to be a husband in every sense save that recognized by the law, a woman's duty towards him as a wife is alike canceled, and their separation does not involve the bank of matrimony in hopeless bankruptcy.

When you take love, confidence and respect out of marriage, in the name of Heaven, what remains to be desecrated? Surely, nothing but the lives of the parties consenting to such a life of degradation, for which there is no name save that of legalized prostitution. The old idea that "marriages are made in heaven," is obsolete. Few have the hardihood to place all the miserable copartnerships existing under the name of marriage, at the door of the Lord! Born in lust, perpetuated by law and a morbid public opinion, based on the relicts of the ancient church and perpetuated in the modern church, what can save the institution of marriage from corruption so long as such terrible ignorance and infidelity toward its true mission are taught, held and advocated!

I do not doubt the divine origin of marriage, or that it is the natural relation of the sexes. I believe that woman's highest and holiest mission is that of wife and mother, and believing this, I cannot believe that even the rude sundering of ties which have ceased to be significant of ought but slavery, can endanger the institution! Man's strongest argument against the enfranchisement of women is, that, with the ballot in their hands, they will overthrow all domestic relations, and they shrink with a timidity born of their own meanness in those relations from giving women the power to change them. John Stuart Mill is right when he says—"Men do not wish to marry equals." Said a man not six months married, to his wife, in my hearing, not a year ago: "What d'ye mean running off to the neighbors, when I'm gone—that ain't what I married you for. Stay at home and mind your work. And I shan't tell you this more than once more, either. I hain't no use for such a woman." The poor, little timid wife had been guilty of going to a neighbor's to sleep during the absence of her master. All men are not brutes, but irresponsible power in the hands of such as are not disposed to abuse it, is an unsafe thing. The advanced civilization demands emancipation for women from the slavery of the marriage relation. Either elevate marriage to a respectable standing beside the enlightened thought of humanity, or its overthrow is inevitable. With the growing educational powers and opportunities accorded to women, must come a more enlightened marriage code, an equal copartnership must be, and the pernicious idea that marriage makes two people into one, and that one the man, must be abandoned.

MICHIGAN SUFFRAGE CONVENTION.

Extracts of a letter dated Battle Creek, Jan. 27th, 1870.

My Dear Mrs. Stanton: I should not venture to trespass on your valuable time, had you not so kindly invited me to write to you the evening I saw you at Kalamazoo.

Now that our Suffrage Convention is over, you may feel repaid for the time spent in reading my letter, if I relate some of the incidents which occurred and which are not reported.

The preamble and resolutions were all agreed upon. Arguments pro and con were had regarding being made auxiliary to the Cleveland association, all the committee being opposed to that measure but one; he, of course, had to yield the point, and so the resolutions made us independent, except so far as we would co-operate with *all* associations for the accomplishment of the objects of our Association. In due time the preamble and resolutions were presented to the Convention, it being stated that none but delegates could vote. Each Article was offered separately, and all were unanimously adopted except the last which made us an independent State organization; when this was read, Mr. Giles Stebbins (he was one of the committee on resolutions) started up and said, "Mr. President, it has *just* occurred to me that it would be far better for this association to become auxiliary to the one formed in Cleveland; it will be able to work so much more efficiently and accomplish a far greater amount of good to the cause. I therefore offer an amendment to the resolution, that it may read, 'this association shall be auxiliary, etc.'" If you know him you can well imagine his innocent (?) manner while offering this amendment. He thought to spring a trap on the Convention. Mr. Brown immediately arose and said, "Mr. President, I oppose this amendment, and offer my protest against committing this organization to the measures of any other association, until we fully comprehend its movements. It seems there are two organizations, claiming to be *the* "National organization." If there is antagonism in these Associations we want to understand the merits of the case."

This was like a spark thrown among combustibles. Mrs. Livermore says, "I wish to correct Mr. Brown. There *is* no antagonism between the two Associations. That one calling itself the National Woman's Suffrage Association, is nothing but a mass convention, gotten up in this wise: At our anniversary meeting in New York, such an Association was talked of, but there was so little time to arrange matters and decide upon the best way, that it was thought advisable to postpone action until a more suitable time. We were all invited to a reception—a party, ladies considered it so, for many went in full dress. When *I* got there I was informed that an Association had been formed, officers appointed, and everything arranged. Mrs. Stanton herself told me that she was greatly surprised at such a proceeding." Mark you, all this was said while the amendment was pending to make us auxiliary to them. Several spoke in opposition to the amendment, each one adding fuel to the fire of Mrs. Livermore's eloquence. She said, "the petty State Associations could accomplish little or nothing unless they joined the National Association, for Congress would not regard the State Association as having much weight." Furthermore, she said that she "had every reason to believe, indeed she *almost knew* that the two organizations would be merged into one as soon as May." The stronger argument for our remaining neutral, for if we joined either, it might prevent so speedy a union, was replied to this. It would occupy too much time and space to tell you all. It was a warm contest, but the Cleveland clique were most signally rebuked. Mrs. Livermore, Mrs. Cole and Mrs. Cutler voted; they were so determined to carry their point that they lost all sense of propriety and voted in the face of the rule that none but delegates could vote. They do not even live in our state. After they were defeated, Mr. Stebbins very magnanimously withdrew "his amendment."

In urging the great advantage of being auxiliary to them, Mrs. L. could not forbear abusing your Association. One argument against you was that you would not suffer a man to hold an office, would not tolerate one to hold any position in your Association. "Now," says she, "*I am bound* to my husband. He is *my adviser—leader—guide.* I would vote as he voted and rely upon him in *all things.*" Before she sat down, however, she launched off advising every woman to act independently, and says, "If my husband should vote with my friend Stebbins here, for protection, *I* would vote for free trade."

Mrs. L. said the Illinois Suffrage Convention was organized independent of theirs, by the management and influence of one man, but that its proceedings would all be set aside, and that Illinois would "wheel into line" in the grand movement inaugurated at Cleveland.

I think the people here are well satisfied; and many who never before have given the subject more than a passing thought, begin to feel that it is time there was something done in the premises.

Financial Department.

[Under this head, correspondents are responsible for their own sentiments, and not The Revolution.]

The following resolutions were presented and considered at the recent meeting of the N. E. Labor Reform League, in Boston. It will be seen that the League repudiates only on the ground that the national debt is already paid, dollar for dollar

Whereas service is the source of wealth and the true basis of exchange; and whereas property is a perishable commodity, whose continued existence is assured only by constant nourishment from its parent labor; and whereas money, the representative of property, has no rights superior to principle of which it is an exponent, therefore

1st. Resolved, That interest, rent, and profit, or dividends, are inadmissible, except for work done or risk incurred; and speculative gain in all these forms we arraign in all its inherent sinfulness, and shall enforce the consequent duty of its immediate abolition.

2d. Resolved, That creeds, codes, and public or private contracts, framed on the supposition that people are rightfully entitled to property which they did not create or give an equivalent exchange for or receive as the free bequest of others' earnings, invade abstract justice, are morally indefensible, and therefore void.

3d. Resolved, That interest on money being wrong, the Bible doctrine entitled "The Lord's Release," whereby debts are to be cancelled when the principle thereof has been paid in the form of interest, coincides with logical conclusions from false principles and teachings of natural equity, that since the full amount originally loaned government has now in the form of interest been returned, since a moneyed aristocracy

exempt from taxation, is hostile to liberty, fosters speculations, cripples and defrauds productive capital, and impoverishes labor, we will not acknowledge the validity of, or be bound by, any scheme whatever to refund the national war debt; but demand its immediate and unconditional repudiation.

4th. Resolved, That we assert nothing inconsistent with the sacred duty to render equivalent for equivalent in payment of honest debts, and in denying the authority to accumulate, through speculative gain, we thereby maintain the valid and essential rights of property; that no other persons or parties can be more sensitive to national honor than are we, and we but initiate here a new test of honesty which, destined to prevail in this country, will, in the progress of justice, cancel the oppressive and fraudulent debts of England, France, and other nations.

5th. Resolved, That the national bank scheme, based on debt, not on credit, allowing private corporations to wield governmental power, forcing people to use and pay exorbitant interest on notes "secured" by bonds, which, in the impending crisis, will sell for a song, or be utterly worthless, is exceedingly treacherous, expensive and perilous; that, in making free money a penal offense, the Massachusetts Legislature and Congress have created a privileged class of credit-brokers, shielded them from the competition, to which productive capital is properly exposed, and thereby subjected agriculture, manufactures, commerce, legitimate enterprise in all its manifold relations, to the plundering instincts of the stock exchange; that we therefore renew our demand for the immediate withdrawal of the notes of the national banks, to be replaced by treasury certificates of service, receivable for taxes and bearing no interest, and the provision of free banking laws, whereby money, based on commodities, may be furnished anywhere at cost.

6th. Resolved, That while we heartily support any honorable effort likely to afford even temporary aid to the victims of excessive and unremunerative toil, still we assure our friends in the factory districts, that permanent relief will come only through utter overthrow of the money despotism which keeps them down.

7th. Resolved, That those to whom the world owes the most, and without whom human society would cease to exist, the working women, are the very class whom present laws and customs doom to the most abject poverty and degradation; that we will aid them in speedy and thorough organization for self-protection, and welcome them to rights, privileges and duties equal with men, foremost among which is the right to vote.

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9:15 a. m.	9:15 a. m.	For Paterson and intermediate stations.
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